Your Life and Home Insured Free. See page iii of Cover.

JOHN BULL

Vol. XX. No. 541. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1916. ONE PENNY

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

3865/07

For meaning of this number see p. iii of cover.

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue,
If Britain to itself do rest but true.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

THOUSANDS OF POUNDS
WASTED DAILY.

SAVE YOUR WASTE PAPER

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SEND FOR PRICE LIST.

Phillips, Mills & Co., Ltd.,
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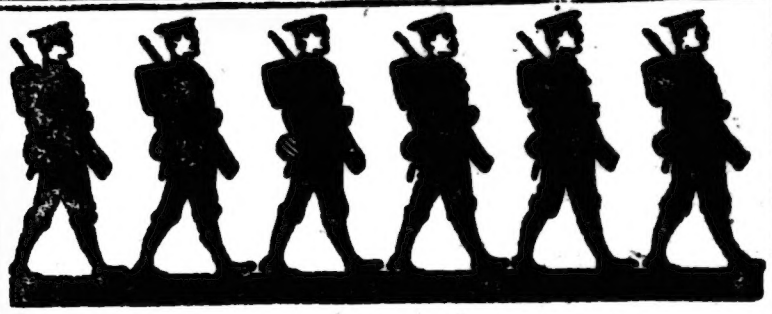
'Phone - 1069 BATTERSEA.

See also back page.

OLD CALABAR

"PECKO" POULTRY MIXTURE
to be given dry during the day.
POULTRY MEALS AND "LAON"
Scalded and served crumbly moist for the warm evening meal.
Samples free from the Old Calabar Biscuit Co., Liverpool.



THE MAN WITH THE GUN

Is delighted when he digs out from that weekly parcel from home a tin of Milk-Cocoa. He knows its "bucking-up" qualities and its convenience.

You needn't send him milk and sugar, Milk-Cocoa contains both in correct proportions.

That's its Economy. The addition of boiling water alone makes a superb beverage, rich in nourishment and sustenance.

MILKMAID BRAND MILK-COCOA

Sold by all Grocers and Stores. Price 3d., 5½d., & 10d. per tin.

A 3d. tin (3½ oz. net) and book of Recipes sent post free on receipt of three penny stamps and name of grocer.

Anglo-Swiss Condensed Milk Co.,
6-8, Eastcheap, London.

"Something to March On."

There is always room in the soldier's kit for a few bars of

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT CHEWING GUM.

It's a gift he never says "No!" to. He finds it such a help on a long march—so sustaining, so refreshing, such a splendid prevention of thirst and fatigue. Wrigley's is "the stand-by of the British Army," whether on the march or in the trenches. It has proved itself one of the indispensable "munitions of war."

Every bar helps to defeat the Huns.

Whenever you send to your soldier friend don't forget to send him Wrigley's.

½d. bar—and a bar lasts all day.
5 bars 2½d. Box of 40 bars 1/6.

Of all Confectioners, Tobacconists, Canteens, Y.M.C.A. Huts, Chemists, including Boot's and Taylor's

WRIGLEY'S, LTD LAMBETH PALACE ROAD, S.E.

If you have a Son, Brother or Friend

who has answered his country's call, send him a Guaranteed Ingersoll, fitted with Luminous or Glow Dial.

We particularly recommend the Luminous Dial Ingersolls, because they tell you the correct time as well by night as by day.

They are ideal for use in the trenches, and when on night duty. Send for Illustrated Catalogue.

Triumph 7/6, Eclipse 10/6, Junior 12/6, Wrist 15/-
Luminous Dials, 2/6 or 5/- extra.

INGERSOLL WATCH COMPANY, Ltd.,
363, Regent House, Kingsway, W.C.

Ingersoll

Gibbs's Cold Cream Shaving Soap

Convenient

Stick, bowl or cake, whichever you prefer—each the best of its kind—each ensuring a slick, smooth shave—and it's British!

GENEROUS Trial Samples
of Shaving Soap, Dentifrice and Co'd Cream Soap sent on receipt of 2d. in stamps.

In cardboard boxes, 6d. Sticks, 9d. and 1s.; in Bowls and Tins, 1s. OF ALL CHEMISTS.

D. & W. GIBBS, Ltd. (Dept. 13 G), Cold Cream Soap Works, London, E. *Est. 1712.*

Do you feel that nip in the morning air? It is Branson's Coffee weather.

THE "JOHN BULL" GUARANTEE.

We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcements appear in JOHN BULL, *i.e., we hold ourselves responsible for their being of the quality and standard represented at the time of purchase and the date of payment, either in full or of first instalment; and if any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns, we will refund the purchase money provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase.*

JOHN BULL

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XX. No. 541. Week ending Saturday, October 14th, 1916. One Penny.

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—*KAISER.*"

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

Our Sub-Title.

How do you like it? Not bad, is it? And so true. By the way, next week is our Trafalgar Day issue. Need we say more?

The *Hampshire*.

Will Mr. Balfour kindly inform us whether the crew of the *Hampshire* included the son of two naturalised Germans still living in this country, and, if so, what was his fate?

The "Baby-Killers."

Will the Government explain why, if they are sincere in describing the Zeppelin crews as "murderers" and "baby-killers," they placed upon the coffins of the Commanders of the Zeppelins recently brought down the inscription: "Commander ———, *—killed on service*"? Isn't it about time we came to a definite understanding as to whether or not the enemy is entitled to bomb London?

Lord Kitchener's Bequest.

What is being done about the bequest of Lord Kitchener's to Col. Fitzgerald—who, it will be remembered, was also drowned in the wreck of the *Hampshire*? Surely we are not going to allow the lawyers to eat up the estate in a musty quibble as to who of the two men died first? Lord Kitchener's wishes are obvious, and they must be respected even if a short Act of Parliament has to be passed for the purpose.

Maastricht or Maresnet?

In our recent article on "An Offer from the Kaiser," we spoke of the Germans having crossed the Dutch border at Maastricht. We are now assured by several Dutch correspondents that it was Maresnet—a piece of ground supposed to be neutral, and belonging neither to Holland nor Belgium. It may be so, but that fact would not affect our point that Germany wants to be allowed to go back the same way that she came.

That Bogus Petition.

We again direct the attention of the Petitions Committee of the House of Commons to the bogus monster petition recently presented in favour of the total prohibition of drink during the war. Has it yet been examined and checked?

Pensions Minister.

When are we to have this appointment? It is the only way to end the present muddle.

Deo Volente.

"If We Had a Business Government—God Help Us!" is the title of a special article in the *Clarion*. He would.

A Formidable Rival.

A Welsh reader sends us a handbill announcing a meeting at the New Hall, Bargoed, to be addressed by "C. B. Stanton, M.P.—Britain's War Orator." When the Courts meet we must consider the question of applying for an injunction.

Those Prophets.

Thus "A. G. G." in the *Daily News* of August 1st, 1914: "If the British Government remains neutral it will do the greatest service to humanity in history. If it does not it will have brought the greatest curse to humanity in history." No wonder the public turns to other leaders!

A Scotch Suggestion.

We have just returned from another very successful tour through Scotland, and, amongst other things, picked up the following suggestion for a motto for our journal—

"Veracious, virile, versatile,
We ken the noo what England kens the while."

A' richt—we think we ken!

One to the Bishop.

Once upon a time the present Bishop of London was Bishop of Stepney. May we commend to him the following declaration of his successor? "The religion that is wanted to-day is a plain religion, a strong religion, a religion that will not play the fool with us, and which we cannot play the fool with." Bravo, Bishop!

Quite Right.

According to the *Neue Freie Presse*, "this is no longer war, but extermination," and "the Anglo-French Governments have made up their minds to kill a fixed number of Germans per week or per month." Speaking as man to Hun, we congratulate our contemporary upon its accurate reading of the situation. We extend similar felicitations to our *confrère*, the *Strassburger Post*, which tells us "the war is no longer a matter for joy as formerly." Germany's laughing days are over.

Still Going Ahead.

Nothing appears able to stop us. Up another twenty-five thousand last week—an increase in our circulation of 100,000 a week in one month! Many thanks.

The City JOHN BULL.

Nothing has aroused more interest in City circles than the announcement of this publication—timed to appear on Friday, October 20th. More about it next week.

We pay all Zeppelin claims promptly and without fuss. See coupon on page iii. of cover.

No-Man's Land.

A pedantic reader objects to the notion that Berwick-on-Tweed is at war with Germany—still, apparently, hugging the delusion that this northern town is in neither England nor Scotland. In these circumstances, it is very rough on the inhabitants that the Zeppelins occasionally pay them a visit.

Give Them a Lift.

We have received many complaints from girls who are taking the place of men as messengers and parcel-carriers, to the effect that when they have to leave goods at various London flats they are compelled to walk up the many flights of stairs, being forbidden to use the lifts. Surely that is not right?

Illuminating.

The other day amongst a party of friends, the conversation turned upon the exact chemical composition of coal, whereupon one of the company referred to a somewhat ponderous dictionary to find: "A black combustible substance taken from the earth and used for fires." Then, of course, we knew all about it.

The C.O. Office Boy.

An advertiser in a Brighton newspaper offers a vacancy in an accountant's office, with short hours, to an office boy who can write very clearly and neatly. He must, however, possess one other qualification, urgently insisted on—he must "have conscientious objection to war." We would not trust any boy of our acquaintance within streets of that anonymous advertiser. It is good for an office boy to be conscientious—though some of the young rascals are given to carelessness—but we hate to think of a smart lad placed in contact with a skunk who makes such a demand. The idea of an "office boy with conscientious objection to war" is grotesque on paper; it suggests a white-faced, snivelling prig in knickerbockers. In reality, if he exist, he must be a sad thing for his parents to see.

Apportioning the Blame.

A picture was printed in a halfpenny daily showing how "a faulty fuse caused the shell to explode in the mouth of the gun." As it is an official photograph, and as it is paraded as "A Warning to Shell Makers," it has seriously upset the apple-cart of some munition workers. "The culprits who require the warning," we are told, "are the butchers, bakers, hairdressers and potmen who hide under the guise of Inspectors of Munitions, but do not know the difference between a micrometer and a sledge-hammer." That is severe; this is worse:—"Until recently they thought the only kind of shells in existence were egg-shells, oyster-shells, and nut-shells." It is unfortunately true that some "Inspectors" are quite unfitted for their position, and if one of them passed the faulty fuse in the picture, he is as much to blame as the makers of it, if not more so.

Favours for Neutrals.

Stone-masons in Cornwall—(there are less than 50 per cent. remaining; the others have lined up long ago)—have been hard hit because the quarries are nearly idle, consequent upon the compulsory stoppage of building operations. One would have thought, therefore, that Government would have cast a kindly eye on them when granite was required for Methil Docks; but that is not the departmental way. The contract, to the value of something over £3,000, has been given to Norway, and Cornwall has a right to be indignant. Norwegian granite is in no way better than that of Cornish quarries, and this favouring of a neutral country at the expense of our own flesh and blood is a move to be deplored—and not to be repeated. Let us, please, think of the necessities of native workers whose families are doing so much for us.

War Economy.

The following advertisements are taken at random from a recent issue of the *Morning Post*:—Parlourmaid, two in family, six servants. Parlourmaid, one lady, five servants. Parlourmaid, two in family, 10 servants. Parlourmaid, two in family, 12 servants. Housemaid, two ladies, eight servants. Between-maid, family two, seven servants. Kitchenmaid, two in family, six servants. Kitchenmaid, two in family, six servants. Kitchenmaid, small family, nine servants. Upper Housemaid, six indoor servants, two in family. What about a tax on *all* domestic servants?

The Murderer's Welcome.

Here is a picture, drawn by an eye-witness, that repels us. It concerns that commander of a Zeppelin who surrendered to a Special Constable, and who was taken Somewhere for internment. "From the behaviour of the officers who received him, you would have thought he was a Field-Marshal coming to inspect troops, or a V.C. welcomed home. The officers were chatting merrily with him, shaking hands as if he were an old friend, and no doubt apologising for the indignity of spectators being present." If it is necessary to be polite to such a man, the politeness should be of the frigid and punctilious variety; to gush over him in friendly warmth is nauseating.

The No-Peace League.

This is going to be a very big thing. Its object, as already stated, is "to watch carefully the negotiations of the terms of peace, and to insist that they shall follow the lines to which, through the Prime Minister, Britain is already pledged—the annihilation of Prussian militarism; full compensation for all material damage done by the enemy; reparation for all outrages on land and sea, and condign punishment for the criminals, 'whatever their station.'" All further information from the Secretary, Mr. H. J. Houston, 8, Broad Court Chambers, Bow Street, London, W.C.

A Wrong Word.

Colonel Joseph Reed is, we believe, a kind of military-civilian, holding a military rank and being connected with a Newcastle newspaper. Therefore he should know better than to drop such an expression as fell from his careless lips at a dinner, when Lieut. Robinson, V.C., was presented with a couple of thou. Col. Reed said he had had "the privilege of seeing in the trenches those who had previously been loafers." Surely that was an unwarranted and unwarrantable insult to the Kitchener men and Derby men who never loafed or hung back, but went when duty beckoned. The men who were loafers are not in the trenches, they are loafing still—in the ranks of the Conscientious Objects and the munitioners. Col. Reed must choose his words more carefully.

Blyth and Breezy.

Remarks passed by the audience at an I.L.P. meeting in Blyth Market Place were more piquant than polite. The orators were interrupted, and there was "some liveliness." Mr. Matthew Tate, the Pitman Poet—who is about 80 in years, but full of go and gumption—protested "it was a German, and not an English meeting," and declared that the speaker had sympathy with the Germans, as had the whole of the I.L.P. Even more direct was another member of the audienzce, who opined that the speaker was "in the same stable as Philip Snowden and Ramsay Macdonald, who, if they had been Germans and had spoken as they did of their country, would have been shot." The motion of the I.L.P. was declared carried, on a show of hands, but that decision brought on more disorder, and the meeting ended in "some uproar." The un-British Labourites are being found out.

Why pay fancy prices? Get a "John Bull" Fountain Pen. See coupon on page 20.

Peremptory.

One of our faithful flock, who is sixty-three years of age, and asks us to "excuse his imperfections" because he is 200 miles out in the veldt from Bulawayo, and has "to rough it among roaring lions, etc.," wants us to get the Government on the double trot. "I suggest that you should give the Government notice," he says," that unless Germhun ships in British ports are used for our own shipping purposes within, say, two weeks, you will apply to the British public to blow them up." We hereby give the Government a fortnight's notice. After that we will "blow them up"—the Government, we mean. We will keep the ships.

On the Trams.

Leeds Education Committee has taken the satisfactory step of dismissing three teachers and a caretaker, all of military age, who had done nothing whatever towards attesting or otherwise offering themselves for service. Perhaps the Corporation will follow this good lead by running the comb through their tramways system. The tram-men have responded nobly—which is all the more reason why cowards and shirkers should not be encouraged to fill their honoured places. But there they are, unattested, and sneering at the men who have gone. Leeds does not like this, and the Corporation will be doing a proper and popular thing when they apply the remedy.

A Scrooge Garage.

Somebody with a garage in Liverpool is in want of a timekeeper. He is required to be on duty from 6.45 p.m. to 3 a.m., and a married man would be preferred, presumably because he will have acquired steadiness or had it thrust upon him. Just to make sure, a guarantee of honesty is required. Any Liverpool reader who can fill the bill and yearns for a comfortable berth is, however, doomed to disappointment, for the wage offered is a miserable, miserly £1 a week. And this for a man "married preferred," so perhaps with a family also! As regards the required guarantee, the man's home responsibilities might keep him honest, but the wage offered is an incentive to the contrary.

A Cruel Slur.

Everybody was shocked and grieved by the discovery of that poor girl's body in a wood between Chatham and Maidstone, but we must strongly object to the comment of a daily paper. It states that the police inquiries "indicate foul play," and it adds, seven lines lower down, "There are numerous camps in the vicinity." This is an unwarranted innuendo levelled against our soldiers. We might just as well hint, "There are several gentlemen's houses, as well as a vicarage, in the vicinity." Such a remark would be justified just as much—and just as little—as that of the *Daily Sketch*. Let us hope the guilty ones may be discovered speedily, whatever their station in life. But do not let us cast a random and wanton slur.

A Fighting Bishop.

We observe that the Bishop of Pretoria is echoing our argument for the employment of coloured troops. Speaking at Potchefstroom, he declared that nothing would please him better than "to see a division of natives raised there in South Africa, and he believed they would be as fine a body of fighting men under white officers as they would find anywhere in the world." And he has a word to say about some hundreds of men in prison at Pretoria for illicitly selling liquor to natives. "He would be prepared to take that crowd and form a fighting battalion to-morrow and be proud of them." As he owned that he was "a fanatic for killing Boches and for getting every able-bodied man to fight," the Bishop of Pretoria shapes well.

Wicked Wages.

The dearth of labour in the bakery business has sometimes been urged as a reason for releasing interned Germans familiar with this essential trade, but before any such questionable expedient is sanctioned, it may be well to glance at the wages offered to British applicants. Not long ago a firm of good standing were advertising a ten-hour-a-day job at the disgraceful figure of 20s. a week, an "active" man being needed, and "references required." Frequently, it is this type of employer who grumbles most loudly at the shortage of labour, and at the loss of his "indispensable" assistants who have been glad to exchange the sweated drudgery of the bakehouse for the comparative freedom and comfort of the military life.

Exemptions and Otherwise.

Plymouth Tribunal needs gingering. Leaving aside 19 fishermen, we find that out of 96 other applicants only two men were passed straightaway for the Army. It is a deplorable percentage for the day's work. Canterbury was nearly as bad, for the City for skulkers reeled off exemptions to schoolmaster, grave-diggers, brewer, cooper, haberdasher, and plenty more, and only pulled up short to refuse a widow's only son, the sole relation she had. Another sad case comes from Brighton, where but a month's final exemption was granted to a journalist with a dependent widowed and invalid mother, he himself being a bundle of nerves, a weakling sure to crack under training. But Brighton gave six months' renewal to a pattern-maker, apparently because he was out of work. Yet there was a fine job open to him!

That Mortuary.

The Mayor of Wandsworth courteously acknowledges the "Candid Communication" we addressed to him on the subject of the local Mortuary, and, candid in his turn, admits the building is undoubtedly a great scandal, and hopes that our revelations will impress public opinion. That is our hope also, and that was our object in opening up the matter. We think there is a possibility of success, for Wandsworth citizens are now circulating a Petition calling for a Town's Meeting, to induce the Board of Trade to sanction a loan for a new building. The horrors of the present place are pictured by a reader whose sister was killed at Wandsworth Common in the great storm of June, 1914. The brother and mother of the poor young lady found her "laid out in a disreputable building like a pig-sty, or even like a slaughter-house, with her garments untidily done up in a bundle and thrown in a corner." No wonder an eminent doctor speaks of it as a "desecration of the dead."

Wicked Tracts.

A lady, whose husband has been reported "missing," got one of the picture papers to publish his portrait, in the loving hope that good news might come to her. Instead, she has been subjected to persecution by tracts, sent through the post, and bearing, in what looks like vicious unkindness, on the subject of death. In her distress of mind she begs for protection, and encloses one of the malicious things, "A Preacher of the Old School," a rag sold at "2s. per 100." Imagine the studied malevolence of a person who could send, to a woman in doubt and trouble, pages splashed with displayed type: "Ye shall Die in your Sins," "and "Died without Mercy." Let us appeal to the senders to hold their hands, for they bring not comfort but anguish. Two passages in the specimen before us are to the point:—"He is neither refined nor polite. He breaks in rudely." He does, when he posts his tracts. But there is this consolation:—"It is in your power to burn this." It is, but the thing has already wreaked its wretched mischief.

Cultivate the "Bullet" brain and win money weekly. See page 28.

The Council's Men.

There are ten members of the Tribunal at Ilford, and nine of them happen also to be members of the District Council. Perhaps that is why there is so much local discontent following upon the granting of periods of exemption to no less than 51 employees of the Council. Ratepayers are also concerned because so many of the Council's men are gaily working overtime on munitions, including one with a salary of £400 a year, and another who increases his weekly wage of £3 by another £4 after official hours. When to all this is added the inquiry as to how much of the Council's plant, power, and premises are utilised in the good work of money-making, it will be apparent that things are lively in Ilford just now.

"Working at Treasury Notes."

Why Treasury Notes should be so dear and flesh and blood so cheap is a problem which obviously puzzles this correspondent: "I am employed at a firm in the City and working at Treasury Notes. Could you kindly inform me as to the reason there are several men of military age, wearing badges, watching us girls all day long? We are paid 13s. a week standing wages, unless we work overtime at the rate of 3¾d. an hour. If this is Government work, are we not entitled to better wages?" If the Government will let us make Treasury Notes at Long Acre the girls shall have a rise at once; also a special commission on the number they print, as those we could not use for the moment we could keep in stock. They are what we should call a good selling line.

Rather a Mouthful.

George Smith, tramp, of Sheffield, applied for Poor-Law relief at Monmouth. What he wanted was a ticket for the casual ward. While he was being subjected to the usual cross-questioning, a police sergeant observed that his mouth was bulging. But he said he had nothing there. On being pressed, he confessed that his rose-bud mouth contained 3d. Being ordered to produce it, he gaped—and the reader must be here prepared to gasp—and coughed up 56 shillings, 7 sixpences, 2 threepenny bits, 4 halfpennies, and a farthing. Total: £3 os. 2¼d. No wonder his mouth "bulged"; we wonder it did not burst. How the man managed to speak is a mystery, but, anyway, his speech was silver—alloyed with bronze. One of our readers doubts the story, and says, "On studying it out, I find it would take a horse all its time to hold that quantity in its mouth." But the tale is told in a Scottish newspaper—so it must be true.

"Writ Sarkastic."

There is a sarcastic newsagent at Keighley who has exercised his gift at the expense of the local Tribunal. He appears to have been granted some extremely short period of exemption, for he has returned his card, saying he considers it a joke in very bad taste. He goes on:—"You gave the poor German pork-butcher who lives practically next door to me four months, and he is a married man whose wife could manage his business, whilst your own countryman, a single-handed business man with no one to take charge of his affairs, gets nothing. How do you expect a man to fight when suffering from a sense of injustice like this?" And then he gets in his big punch: "Again I thank you for your generosity, but I won't take advantage of it, or perhaps there would not be any left for the dear German when he appeals again!" That is a "real nasty" one! No doubt, however, our friend is under a misapprehension regarding the exact status of the pork-butcher—who must be either British-born or "naturalised."

"Anomalous."

Mr. Ryan, Premier of Queensland, has been telling a Brisbane audience "it is anomalous that Australian soldiers should risk their lives for 6s. a day when they can get as much in civil employment at home." The British Tommy would like to touch 6s. a day. One writes to us to say that he risks his life for 3s. 6d. a week, and is not always lucky enough to draw the full reward—this is, of course, apart from home allowances. Though to-day our soldiers are better fed, better clothed, better housed, better paid, and better treated than ever they have been, they are still far from getting the just wages of the labourer worthy of his hire. But paid at six shillings a day, as the Australians are, they would feel like the man who broke the bank at Monte Carlo.

A Blameless Blunder.

The evidence given by Sarah Ann Thomas, a probationary nurse at the Bridgend Infirmary, in the course of a Coroner's inquiry into the death of a female patient, had at least the merit of candour. "About three weeks ago," said Miss Thomas, "I prepared to bath the deceased, but did not test the temperature of the water. I was lowering the deceased into the bath, and on my hand touching the water I found it too hot. I withdrew the deceased immediately, but found she was scalded on the right hip and elbow." One of the Infirmary doctors then obligingly explained that in his unbiased opinion "the scalding had nothing to do with the death," which had followed from cerebral hæmorrhage, and the jury "found a verdict in accordance with the medical evidence and *exonerated the nurse from blame.*" Our italics—and her good luck!

The Curmudgeon.

Our soldier boys meet all kinds of people, including true gentlemen and perfect cads; we hope the gentlemen outnumber the others. A wounded lad tells us of a complete curmudgeon. A few convalescents from hospital were delighted to accept a gentleman's invitation to a day's shooting. They were out for some hours, and were feeling pretty tired when they reached a farm. The farmer being on the spot, they politely asked him for a drink of water. Instead of rushing off to fetch a jug of milk, as any decent farmer would have done, that man inquired, "Are you with Captain ——'s shooting party?" "Yes," was the reply. "Then go and ask Captain —— to get you a drink," said the surly brute, as he stalked away. The soldiers expressed themselves as "disgusted," and we do not wonder at it, for that is exactly our own feeling.

A Piano Firm's Position.

In a recent article, entitled "The Germhun Taint," we incidentally mentioned that the firm we were criticising for having sold at four times the pre-war price a mouth-organ of German manufacture, described themselves as "Sole Agents" for, amongst others, Messrs. Strohmenger—adding that from this fact it would not be fair to draw hasty inferences. It is pointed out to us that, despite this specific caution, it might be assumed in some quarters that we intended to suggest that Messrs. Strohmenger are of German nationality, and we therefore think it right to say at once that the business of John Strohmenger and Sons, Ltd., was founded in England in 1830, and it is therefore one of the oldest firms of British Pianoforte Manufacturers. All the directors and shareholders are British-born subjects, and we are told the Company is actively engaged in capturing the markets formerly held by the Germans. We regret if any misapprehension has arisen on the subject—which, by the way, in no manner affects the main point of the paragraph.

Our Great Trafalgar Issue Next Week.

Cause and Effect.

Arrested at Stockton for being drunk, a woman subsequently told the magistrate that she rejoiced because she thought the war was over. She *must* have been blind!

Espionage?

Just before the town of (Somewhere) was subjected to a Zeppelin raid, its three anti-aircraft guns were, we are informed, removed to another locality. It is curious and disquieting to note that exactly similar circumstances occurred at the town of (Elsewhere). Directly the guns went the Zepps came. The facts seem to point conclusively to espionage; it cannot be just a coincidence.

In His Own House.

Queer people fill queer jobs. It will be recognised that the job of "Alien Registration Officer" is a queer one; it is the war that has called it into being. And we hope we are not indiscreet in hinting that Major Eric Holt Wilson is a queer officer of that kind—for we read with astonishment, not unmixed with amusement, that he, an "Alien Registration Officer," was fined £2 at Shoreham for failing to notify the presence of an alien governess in his own household. The comedy would be complete if it turned out that the gallant major informed against himself. But he really must not be so careless.

Margarine Off.

It is not known to us whether the Market Harborough Guardians change their minds as often as they change their shirts, but undoubtedly they have changed their minds as to oiling the bread of their workhouse inmates with margarine. The brilliant idea of one of their colleagues, a lady, had been to give them margarine and bamboozle them into the belief that they were getting butter. We have tasted worse things than good margarine, and doubtless not a few Market Harborough people who pay Poor-rates themselves eat margarine; but it is not to everybody's palate, and we do think Guardians have plenty of scope for war economy in other directions than the rations of the poor.

A Mayor's Defence.

The Mayor of Luton, having been taken to task by us for publicly referring to the R.N.A.S. as "a soft job," and to "young men who were sneaking into these soft jobs," is highly haughty about people who "pillory public men in the Press," and has come out with a speech in defence of himself. It is not convincing, even as an explanation. He simply says that the hardest worker on munitions, the man who works 12 or 14 hours a day, and the hardest worker in a coal mine—each and every one of those men "has got a soft job compared to the men who are spending their lives for us every day." All of which is perfectly true, but has nothing to do with the case. He carefully omits to mention the R.N.A.S., but some men belonging to it are of opinion that if he tried their soft job for three weeks he would change his mind. 'Tis very probable.

How is it Done?

For artful dodgery the Conscientious Object is hard to beat. Chertsey's C.O., who a few weeks ago was sentenced to six months' imprisonment with hard labour, "spent the week-end at home, looking very fit after his varying experiences." That is what a Chertsey newspaper tells us, so we suppose it is true. We do not pretend to explain it, but we hazard an opinion that it is not often that Bill Sikes, when doing time, is able to spend Saturday-to-Monday in the bosom of his family.

Accomplishments.

That was a novel excuse put before the House of Commons Tribunal when a man claimed exemption because he "could write the Lord's Prayer two or three times on the space of a threepenny bit." It worked in part, for he was granted till December. For a man, however, who boasted the somewhat similar accomplishment of being able to say the Lord's Prayer backwards, there would be, we expect, but short shrift. But such a practice was current once upon a time, and was considered as an invitation for Satan to reveal himself.

"Some."

They have got "some" Military Representative at Blaydon. A few days ago there uprose in the local Tribunal an Unconscientious Objector. "Sir," exclaimed the M.R., addressing the chair, "his so-called objections are a mere haphazard and fortuitous concatenation of sonorous and seductive shibboleths which he has adopted under the influence—the neurotic and hysterical influence—of a pernicious political propaganda." A reader Winlaton way implores us to explain, "as none of us in this village understands it." As far as we are able to interpret it, the M.R. was trying to explain that the other fellow was not a conscientious objector, but only a shamming shirker.

An Appeal to Swansea.

Sympathy with a criminal is not necessarily sympathy with crime. There was a "criminal" at Swansea for whom we are deeply sorry. A young man who sprang to arms the day after war was declared, served in France till invalided home a broken man. He ultimately got a pension of 4s. 8d., but for 15 weeks he received not a penny, and debts accumulated because his wife was ill, with a doctor attending almost daily. The family had received a allowance of 12s. weekly. The man at length got work as temporary postman, and he stole a letter containing two postal orders. The Chief Constable spoke for him—"all he could say of him was to his credit"—but he must pay £25 or serve 3 months. The poor devil has been given a month to find the money, a hopeless task unless local folk come to his rescue. He deserves help. He flew to his country's flag, and his country threw him aside as done for. He has sinned—but has he not suffered? Swansea must help him.

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"SUNDAY CHRONICLE":—

"Let us resolve, then, to make this Empire worthy of the great sacrifice by which its existence has been preserved."—W. M. HUGHES, PRIME MINISTER OF AUSTRALIA. (By permission of the Editor of the *Sunday Herald*.)"

"TIT-BITS":—

"Miss Lewis's skirt was HIDING NOTHING BUT HER EXTREMELY PRETTY FEET."

"STAFFORDSHIRE ADVERTISER":—

"Married. On the 15th inst. at Stoke-upon-Trent, Mr. Joseph Farmer, to Eliz. Walklate, both of Cobridge, in the Pottery, AFTER A TEDIOUS COURTSHIP OF TWELVE YEARS."

"EXETER EXPRESS AND ECHO" (advertisement):—

"Hairdresser Wanted, to MANAGE DURATION OF WAR."

THE LORD LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND (according to *Belfast Evening Telegraph* report):—

"But material prosperity in itself was NOTHING. Moral prosperity was EVERY WHIT AS IMPORTANT."

"ABERDEEN EVENING EXPRESS" (advertisement):—

"Wanted, by Milliner, Shop in Country or Coast Town, where MOUSE could be had."

"NORTH-EASTERN DAILY GAZETTE" (advertisement):—

"Come to Speed's, Verdun, Stokesley. SHARE ROOMS WITH REFINED LADY; SAFETY; moderate."

Candid Communications.

This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities.

To the Right Hon. J. W. Lowther, Speaker of the House of Commons.

Dear Mr. Speaker,—I beg to draw your attention to a paragraph on page 1 of this issue in reference to a certain "monster petition" recently presented to the House of Commons in favour of total prohibition of drink until after the war. I have, more than once, described this petition as a fraud, and, therefore, a breach of the privilege of Parliament. I respectfully ask you to direct inquiry into the matter. John Bull.

To the Right Hon. W. Runciman, M.P., President of the Board of Trade.

Dear Board of Trade,—It is characteristic of the bunkum and blather which have formed so large a part of the stock-in-trade of the Government during this war that your Department and the National War Savings Committee should issue a screaming appeal to the public to exercise economy in coal, gas and electric light. When we first started saving on these commodities the Board of Trade, by allowing the electric light companies to enforce a minimum rent, smiled in our faces, while the companies picked our pockets. The inevitable result of the Daylight Saving Act was an enforced economy in lighting, and therefore in fuel, but again your Department stood by with its tongue in its cheek while the gas and electric light companies put up the price and stuffed their pockets with the plunder. Don't you think it is now about time to cut the cackle and leave the public to economise on their own? John Bull.

To G. Green, Esq., J.P., Chairman, Norwich Magistrates.

Dear Sir,—It is refreshing to realise that there are still some Magistrates who refuse to play into the hands of the Liquor Control Board. If, as you said when the case of beer drinking after 2.30 p.m. at the Great Eastern Hotel at Norwich was heard, you had convicted the landlord, the Control Board would have had the power to close a house which has been conducted by him and his father before him "in exemplary fashion" for over 40 years. In this case, which you dismissed upon the payment of coots, a soldier had ordered his drink in good time but had not consumed it—in fact, he had hidden the pot; yet but for the sane and just view taken by you and your colleague, Mr. H. J. Copeman, the landlord might by now have been at the mercy of the Board. I wish there were more Magistrates like you. John Bull.

To the Rev. F. H. Gillingham, Rector, Bermondsey Old Parish Church.

Dear Parson,—I have sometimes heard the pulpit described as a "Coward's Castle," the suggestion being that while the parson may say just what he pleases, the congregation has no right of criticism or reply. To a great extent this objection will be met by the novel procedure you are about to adopt. I understand that once a month you propose to answer from the pulpit knotty questions addressed to you by members of your flock; and, for a start, your parishioners have put up as pretty a set of conundrums as any parson could wish to play with. However, you have hit upon a happy scheme for breaking down the barrier between pulpit and pew. John Bull.

To Ed. Fletcher, Esq., J.P., Croydon.

Sir,—I find your name on a rate summons issued to a certain person; by the handwriting it might be anything, but signatures of great men are usually undecipherable, so—right or wrong—I will call it Fletcher. I am not going to blame you in any way, but has it never struck you that costs of 4s., "Clerk to the Justices 3s., Constable for serving Summons 1s.," are an outrageous impost in such a case? What does the Clerk to the Justices do for the money, and why should injury be added to insult by sending a wage-paid man of the Force to serve a civil summons and then compel the defaulting householder to pay him a shilling for the trouble? A community which will allow extortion of this kind to be practised on its poor, struggling townsmen by its elected Council comes about as near to the common or garden worm as anything I know. John Bull.

To Herbert Nield, Esq., M.P., Deputy-Chairman, Middlesex Sessions.

Dear Mr. Nield,—A word about that case you had before you the other day—a lad of nineteen, with a hitherto respectable record. He joined the R.F.A. early in 1915. Thrown from a horse some time afterwards, he was discharged, "medically unfit," and permanently injured. "You are here, I think," you told him, "because of the neglect of your country to provide for your wants. You have got no pension and have been discharged for nearly nine months." In other words, the Government made him a soldier, broke him in the Army and chucked him on the streets without a penny. These being the facts, you added: "I shall send you for three years to Borstal, not so much as punishment, but so that you can learn a trade to gain your livelihood." I do not question your good intentions, but I cannot bring my mind to believe that in that sentence you have exactly realised them. Borstal, after all, is a prison. I gather that you had to deal with a first offence, and a passive one at that, and I cannot induce myself to believe that your sentence is one which ought to stand. A judge has no right to be cruel because it is his intention to be kind. John Bull.

To T. M. Hogge, Esq., M.P.

Dear Mr. Hogge,—Again I thank you for your efforts on behalf of Tommy and Jack. As you said in your speech at Edinburgh the other day, the first thing to be done to stop the pension scandal is to scrap the Chelsea Commissioners. "There would be no hesitation in voting big grants to generals and admirals—but these men had been made great by the work of the soldiers and sailors." That is very true, and we must enforce the truth by seeing justice done to Tommy and Jack. But when you call for action on the part of the Church, I am afraid you are calling in vain. Our Bishops are far too much occupied in denouncing what they are pleased to call the sins of the people to bother about the rights of the soldier. John Bull.

To the Right Hon. Viscount Bryce, O.M.

Dear Viscount,—I cannot say that I was much pleased with the tone and trend of your recent address to the Congregational Union upon possible terms of peace. In my judgment you laid far too much stress upon the virtue of "forgiveness," while failing to acknowledge our solemn duty of just retribution for the crimes of a brutal foe. Not for a moment can I agree with you that the fierce animosity of the British people towards the German nation is "a hatred that should be allowed to die"; on the contrary, I regard it as a wholesome passion of which no citizen, and no Christian, need for a moment be ashamed. John Bull.

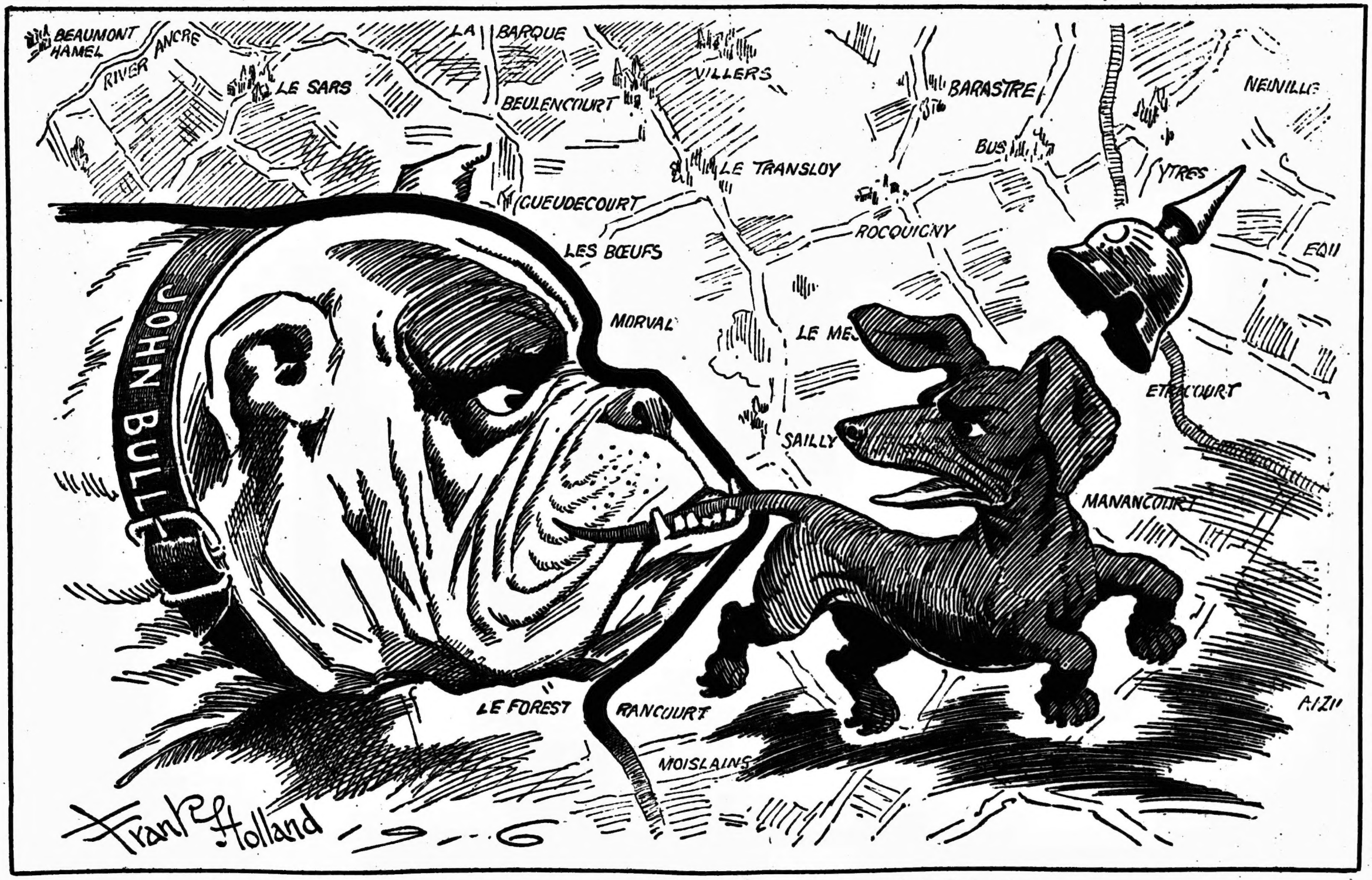
To Sir Leo Chiozza-Money, M.P.

Dear Sir Leo,—It appears that you have warned your admiring constituents that after the present Parliament you will not "seek re-election," and I am wondering if your decision is to be regarded as evidence of a "change of heart." To judge from your recent public pronouncements, you have not been slow to learn the lessons of the war; and I should have been surprised if you had been content to approach future difficulties from the old Party standpoint. Indeed, I venture to hope that, in regard to the varied problems which at the close of the war will press for solution you, will retain freedom of judgment and liberty of action, untrammelled by old associations or fresh ties. John Bull.

To Dr. Cohen, Middlesex County Coroner.

Sir,—Why you thought it necessary to hold an inquest on the Hun victims of the Zeppelin which fell at Potters Bar passes my comprehension. Do you realise that we are at war and that it is our business to kill the enemy and be done with it? To waste the time of busy men to "inquire into the cause of death" in such a case as this is just a farce. To find a verdict that death was due to "the Anti-Aircraft Defence Organisation" is to make you and the jury ridiculous. You might just as well have brought in a verdict of justifiable homicide against the British Army. John Bull.

THE BULL-DOG "LINE."



The War-map shows the hard-won ground
We've wrested from the German "hound";

Our battle-line, the bull-dog face—
The splendid symbol of the race.

DON'T BULLY TOMMY.

THE PASSING OF THE DRILL-SERGEANT—THE FOUR "C.s" OF SOLDIERING.

By General Sir R. Baden-Powell.

THIS war has taught all of us something—and some of us all things. But one fact especially it has proved, namely, that if you appeal to the human side of men you can get a tremendous lot out of them. This is such an obvious thing that it might seem futile to write it down, but convention has led us very much to forget it both in the Army and elsewhere. A few years ago it was held in the Service that a soldier could only be made by breaking his natural spirit under continuous and rigorous drill, varied with punishment for the slightest failure to obey. This was called Discipline. But a change came over our Army training. It began some eighteen years ago, sporadically at first, and is now becoming universal. The raucous drill-sergeant, with his biting witticisms, has given place to the keen young leader eager to inspire men with his own love of the work and with pride for the Service. Tradition dies hard, and some old-world barrack-squares still reverberate with the yapping of the raucous one—but efficiency does not follow. Many of us who had trained soldiers for the field smiled when a company of Infantry was formed by a well-known journal to prove that an Infantry soldier could be made in six months. I personally had in mind at least two complete regiments of mounted Infantry which, organised and trained from very difficult material, were in less than half that time fighting the enemy successfully in the field in South Africa! The great point is to get the right spirit into your men and to train them as humans and not as automatons. Give orders if you will; but when you give the reason for your orders the men will carry them out with twice the understanding, twenty times the energy, and a hundred times the success.

The Over-Drilled Soldier.

In the Boer War just after Peace was signed I met an old Boer friend who had been fighting against us, who said that he could not remain in the country any longer now that it was under the British rule. His reason was that he hated us because we were so particularly stupid—"stom" as he called it, which means "super-stupid." He said that the British soldier needs to have everything done for him. He can do nothing himself. He has to have somebody to show him the way, someone to bring his food, someone to cook it for him. He has to have tents or huts to live in. He is told where to go and what to do, even what sight to take for his rifle and where he has to aim it. In fact, the only thing he does for himself is to pull the trigger—and very often he may not do that without the word of command. As a Boer, accustomed to look after himself in the open, he could not have any truck with such beings—and he was off to German South-West Africa. And he went. But in a few months he was back again. He had been there, and had found that the Germans were even more "stom" than the British. He said that at any rate after six months or so the British began to feel their feet, but the German never. Fritz fiddled about carrying out orders, and never using his own brains, until he ended up in the uniform way of getting them kicked out through his stupidity in dealing with the business end of mules. The fellow who was drilled merely to carry out orders was no use.

The Four "C.s" of Soldiering.

There are, as I have elsewhere pointed out, four "C.s" which go to make the groundwork for good soldiers:

(1) *Courage.* This is essential, though not universal. At the same time it can be grown, and it is as catching as measles. If there is a leaven of the right spirit in an army it spreads to all. You can see that at the Front to-day. Courage is not always there to begin with, but it is largely a matter of self-education to conquer the desire for evasion and to act in a spirit of high adventure.

(2) *Commonsense* is essential, so that a man will use his wits and not wait for orders or endeavour to look up in a book what to do in a crisis.

(3) *Cunning* is despised by the average Briton, but he soon finds that if he does not use it against a cunning foe he does not remain long in the world.

(4) *Cheerfulness* is with some the outcome of courage, with others the step to it. When a difficulty or a danger arises and a man smiles at it and tackles it, it disappears.

The Cultivation of "Gits."

But neither the "Four C.s" man nor the thoroughly drilled and instructed man is a perfect soldier unless he can be implicitly depended upon to obey orders in a tight place. The best discipline, however, is that which comes from within rather than that which is imposed from without. For active service I would rather have a man imbued with the four C.s and only partially drilled, than one who has been artificially made into a smart machine, but who has neither wits nor guts. (Forgive my using the expression, and let us compound it into the word "gits"—*i.e.*, guts and wits.) "Give me the choice of a recruit who has been trained as a Boy Scout or of one who has been trained in any other way, and I would not only prefer the Scout, but would prefer one of him to two of the others." That is the message which we have received, not once, but in numbers of cases, from officers at the Front. Why is this? Because the Scout has developed the foundation of "gits," and it only needs the appeal to his human side to bring out the best in him.

Co-operative, Not Intimidated, Obedience.

This sounds simple enough, but it means that the officer on his part must be one who knows his men and is in real touch with them. The shepherd is said to know every sheep in his flock, for to him they all have their individual character, although to an outsider they seem identically alike. And so it is with soldiers; to an outsider they may seem all to be cast in the same mould, but it does not follow that any two of them have identically the same temperament, mind or spirit; and the officer who understands how to handle the individuals which go to make up his force gets four times the success of the man who treats them simply as a mass of subordinates. This is a point of which new officers and officers of the V.T.C., etc., may well take note, but it is also a point which applies with equal force in other great armies—the armies of industry, in the various factories and shops in the country, and in our mercantile fleet. We see the value of it proved to-day in our munition shops, in our shipbuilding yards, and in the mine-sweeping and the transport fleet where the workers have disciplined themselves through Patriotism, and have put their heart into their work when appealed to for their country's sake and not for the sake of gain. It is not drill and repressive discipline that make a soldier hold together a gaping wound in his belly while he gets to his destination under heavy fire with his message, and then again re-enters the Hell of fire to stagger back with the reply, and finally to fall dead at his officer's feet; his duty done. Yet this is what Private James Miller did the other day. It is not drill and repressive discipline that make a boy of a few weeks' service stand at his post waiting for orders, though mortally stricken and with all his comrades killed and wounded round him. This is what Boy Cornwell did—the ex-Boy Scout of H.M.S. *Chester*. It is the *self* discipline, the spirit of playing the game for his side at no matter what sacrifice to himself, that brings this about.

THE NIGGER IN THE WOOD PILE.

IS THIS AN EMPIRE WAR?—HOW IT COULD BE FINISHED AT ONCE.

By A. G. Hales.

THE wet season seems to have set in early in the region known as the Western battle-front, and very soon we shall be unable to make effective use of our greatest war invention, the "Tanks." We may employ these splendid instruments of war until the middle of November, but after that the sodden nature of the country will make it almost impossible to get anything like the best results out of them—their own weight will militate against their effectiveness—and we shall have to rely almost entirely upon that mainstay of all armies, the rifle and the bayonet. The enemy did not succeed in breaking through at Verdun; we have not yet broken through at the Somme—though if we had had the "Tank" in the field three months earlier, we might have got right through before the flat country became a quagmire. Then action in the open would have brought matters to a head one way or another. This war will never be decided until the vast armies have clashed in the open spaces—a fact which Kitchener fully realised when he set himself to prepare the masses of cavalry we now possess. Should the Germans hold us on the Western front through the winter, it seems to me a foregone conclusion that they also will have "Tanks," copied from ours, with which to operate in the coming spring—for the whole history of German trade and manufactures reeks with proof that as a nation of imitators they stand unrivalled. Everything of any account that this country, France and America invented during the past forty years, the Germans copied and put on the market; it is impossible to believe they will not rapidly copy the "Tanks," which came so near proving their undoing at the Somme. It is wise, at all events, to expect that they will do so, and prepare a new and effective counter-agent.

The Change of Venue.

We are going to see some fierce fighting in the Middle East now, but we shall be sadly hampered by the attitude of the Greeks. King Constantine has fooled all the diplomats; he has kept them talking whilst the golden hours of summer have slipped away—and the winter, which comes with the speed of an avalanche in those regions, will be upon the land before the back of the unholy alliance can be broken. We are too late again! Five months ago we should have said to the Greeks, "We give you one hour in which to make up your mind, and declare either for or against us." Had we done so, Turkey, Bulgaria and Austria would now be sundered from Germany, and the game would be nearly over. Do you remember how Napoleon stood facing a hostile potentate who would not make up *his* mind—pointing with imperious finger to the document on the table which contained the terms he had dictated? Napoleon then snatched up a vase, and sent it crashing to the floor in a multitude of fragments, exclaiming—"Sign that document *now*—or I will smash your empire as I have smashed that piece of potter's clay!" That was the iron Corsican's mandate—and his enemy signed. If we had had a man with a nerve like that, King Constantine would have signed in our favour within the hour, and his troops would have been at the throats of the Bulgars within a week. What the allied nations are waiting for is a "man"—and, by heaven, the rarest thing on this planet is a real *man*, big with fate and predestined to greatness! David, the shepherd boy, came from his flocks and herds and saved Israel; another of Israel's mightiest warriors came straight from the thrashing-floor, and saved his people from their enemies. But where is Britain's *man?*

If the blow in the Balkans is not decisive now, if the Germans are not driven into the open soon, the British people will be bitterly indignant—they will be disappointed and savage. It seems to me that the politicians are well aware of this, and are shrieking about a shortage of men. Are we short of fighting material? Sir William Robertson says so; General Haig says so—then whose is the fault? For eighteen months this journal has been saying, and saying in plain unmeasured terms, what statesmen and generals are saying now, at the eleventh hour. Of the millions who read John Bull, not one will dispute this fact—again and again, without help from any other quarter, we warned the Government against just such an hour as this, and bade them, beseeched them, begged them to call up three millions of the coloured men, living under the protection of our Flag, within our Empire. Once we had a glimpse of hope that our work would not prove in vain. Mr. Lloyd George, after evidently having studied this journal, said, "We may have to call upon the whole of our Empire's resources in men, not on our white sons alone." But it was only a flash in the pan; he did not go further.

How It Could be Finished at Once.

Had we those three millions of negro and Egyptian soldiers now, armed and trained for war, we could smash the tottering fabric of German power in one splendid rush. But we have not called up either black or brown; and if Victory, which is in sight, slips from our grasp at this period, and another welter of blood has to be endured through next spring and summer, the whole blame will lie upon the shoulders of the men who in their insensate folly would not use a weapon forged for them through long years of toil and travail by the founders of Empire. Would Disraeli have hesitated to use that weapon had he been at the head of our councils to-day; would he have cried, "Let the black and brown men run idle in their millions, and tear from the manufactures which provide us with the very wealth we need to carry on the struggle indefinitely the British men of forty-five, and later the men of fifty"—for it will come to that? You know that the Hebrew statesman, who knew the full meaning of Empire, would never have dreamed of such a thing—for to him, as to all wise men, equality of privilege under the Empire must also have meant equality of responsibility. The black and brown hosts know it, and are ready and willing to shoulder their burden; the only men who do not know are at Westminster. It is all very well to say that we are slaughtering great numbers of the enemy, and that their *moral* is shaken. It is not sufficiently shaken to make them abandon all their trenches on the Somme—and that is the only proof the British public will be satisfied with. Once again, John Bull says in unmistakable terms, leave the British mechanics and shopkeepers and other toilers of middle age to earn money to carry on the war, and bring in the Colonial subjects like a flood. France uses her blacks, and will go on using them. We can get them in millions. *Are we to think of everyone except our own people*—especially as it is not desired? The sentimentalists have swamped judgment in the councils; their cry has been, and still is, "Do not use savages against the gentle Huns!" If I had the key to Hades, I would use devils against them—for I have looked too often upon our civilian dead to distinguish any sign of gentleness in the Hun. I only know that we are at war; and if we are short of three million men whom we might have had and trained, then there is "a nigger in the political wood pile" somewhere, though not in the Army.

ARMIES ROTTING AT HOME.

"WAITING TO SERVE"—LET US FIGHT OR WORK FOR OUR WIVES AND FAMILIES.

By Pte. Brown.

THERE are tens—aye—hundreds of thousands of us waiting to serve our country. We joined up many, many months ago prepared to fight and, of course, prepared to die. We are still waiting, but our enthusiasm is damped; our patriotism is being squeezed out of us. We were full of pride as we donned the khaki. Some of us gave up good positions and comfortable homes prepared to rough it with the roughest provided only that it was for our country's welfare. Many of us gave up useful incomes, and now find the paltry pence well-nigh thrown at us. And to-day there are thousands of us breaking our hearts with disappointment and chagrin. Where are we now, after twelve, fifteen, eighteen, twenty-four months of fatuous, heart-breaking training? We're on the scrap-heap. We're somebody's muddle. We hear the call for men, and we say, "For God's sake send *us!*" The authorities ask for more men, and yet more men, when they don't know how to utilise the men they've got. The press is agitating for a "combing out." Nobody who is doing any useful work should be "combed out" to join the unemployed, unproductive throngs of khaki-clad "gentlemen in waiting": certainly not until those who *have* joined are within measurable distance of taking some active part in the campaign.

A Sorry Spectacle.

Hundreds of thousands of us have toiled along our beautiful English country roads for well-nigh two years, carrying a heavy pack which was assuredly designed by some imbecile military maniac who we all hope died a miserable death—strangled with leather straps or choked with brass buckles. We have marched and marched, mile after mile, costing the country thousands of pounds a day; ourselves absolutely unproductive; marched past Royal heads and be-ribboned Field Marshals. But, sadder still, we've marched past fields of corn crying to heaven to be gathered in; past industrial works of all kinds closed down and falling out of repair; past the beautiful fruits of God's earth falling rotten-ripe to the ground, while a helpless Quartermaster pays sevenpence a pound (or some exorbitant price) for plums which are doled out, three each per man, in thin, watery juice. On we toil—hundreds of thousands of us—so much scrap-iron, refuse—mere numbered nonentities. We passed through the stage of getting physically fit: now we are getting mentally and bodily degenerate. We are often drilled by ignorant, bullying, blaspheming N.C.O.s., whose principal qualification for the superior and responsible position would seem to be that they could make raucous voices carry over eighty or a hundred yards of parade ground. That's how we make our N.C.O.s. We see the man who polished the door knob made a sergeant. The "manual" is read to us by a corporal, who substitutes the word "wheelbarrow" for every long word he doesn't understand. We see the major's chauffeur rise from the ranks to staff-sergeant in an incredibly short time (although he is apparently a poor chauffeur and obviously deficient in his military work). We see intelligent men—gentlemen, 'varsity men—double up as the sergeant shouts, "What the 'ell d'ye think I'm 'ollerin' for?" We place our 'ands on our 'ips, and we 'old our gory 'eads up. We stand to attention as we say that we believe in the communion of Saints and the resurrection of the body. We sing "God save the King" and long ourselves to do our bit to help save him and our mighty Empire. Still we wait—we patriotic thousands who joined early in our country's hour of need—the laughing-stock of friends and relatives when we go home on our meagre passes. We know it is not our fault, but, except on parade where we *have* to, we find it indeed 'ard to 'old up our 'eads.

What is the Explanation?

In vain we seek a reason for the muddling wastage of our country's enthusiasm, patriotism, time and money. Can it be that some old dug-out at the War Office fears an invasion? No! we watch the recent recruits marching to the fight: we watch them and envy them. One of my greatest friends, a small, consumptive man, was passed by an unscrupulous or incompetent Tribunal, and after only a few weeks' training was in the trenches—where he collapsed, a physical wreck. And thousands such as he, or not much better—some, indeed, worse—have gone to the fight, while fit men with approximately two years' hard training wait and rot, weary and sick. It seems to be the same everywhere: Engineers, Artillery, Flying Corps, A.S.C. Then, too, thousands upon thousands of able-bodied men are lying useless—literally wasting millions of our country's money—in the Royal Army Medical Corps. Quite recently hundreds and hundreds of R.A.M.C. men who had completed for the most part eighteen months' service at least, were congregated at a certain military training centre. They were called in as an overseas draft. On arriving they found themselves in company with thousands of other R.A.M.C. men, all waiting and atrophying as they were. Here they may remain indefinitely, doing little more than formal parades and nauseating drills. And all the time they will live, surrounded by flower beds, in sumptuous huts which have already cost the country the not unimportant sum of—(what was it?)—twenty-four million pounds. Curious to relate, many of them are bakers, miners, milkmen and farmers. From the R.A.M.C. might be picked out expert material sufficient to carry on all the medical work of the Army for the next three years of the war. Thousands of the remainder, together with men from other branches of the service, might be placed on the reserve and, until they are required for active service, be allowed to carry on useful, even urgently necessary civil employments from which they were dragged by the disorganising genius of the British Army. Then there would be a useful little crowd fit and willing to fight in the trenches. But no! we wait and weep, representing just so many millions of hours of labour lost to the country for ever at a most critical time of our Empire's need. We stand idle in the market-place with just enough heart to raise a feeble cheer as we see Derbyites, conscripts, conscientious objectors march off to serve their country in some useful capacity.

Let Us Fight or Work.

For God's sake let us go and fight, *or let us go and work!* Let us at least relieve some of those gallant lads who have borne the brunt of it. I should like to relieve a friend of mine who has been out three times—once wounded, once invalided with asthma, now again in the trenches. It isn't "cricket," and we're sick of it. Someone has blundered most foully. Nevertheless, in spite of it all, if you ask us are we downhearted, we reply emphatically, "No! not——likely." We laugh and joke; play football and blaspheme; clean our buttons and sing; feed and gamble—I mean gambol. But, best of all, from our lavish hutment prisons we see a glorious sun rising across those waters which we shall never cross. It is the sun of *Victory*—certain, sure, and complete. The letters are written in blood-red on a golden background. We bless the lads who are gaining us the victory. They are our friends and brothers fighting and dying for us. No, we are perfectly happy, perfectly contented—so long as we don't think about the Army or the War!

We read in tales of Ancient Greece
Of Jason and the Golden Fleece,
Of Hector bold, and Hercules, who cleansed the Augean Stable;
But modern Hector, up to date,
Leaves Ancient History to its fate—
He's interested in the rate on 'Chairman Juniors' label.

Chairman Juniors are well worth while. In quality they are really good—so good that nine men in every ten would like them . . . . . and the tenth would if he had an appreciative palate. To the usual and ordinary pleasure one has in a cigarette they add something more—a degree of satisfaction that is as unusual as it is gratifying. Their quality and excellence at their price are only possible by putting all the value in the cigarettes. They are the original Chairman Cigarettes made a little smaller, and there are no coupons or cards with them. They are sold by tobacconists *everywhere* at

3d. for 10.

Made and guaranteed in every particular by

R. J. LEA, Ltd. Manchester.

See "John Bull's" Advertisement Guarantee on page ii of cover.

Yes! Ever-Ready!

Here's the "Ever-Ready"—a businesslike, efficient shaving outfit. The Razor is a magnificent piece of workmanship—magnificently cased (as illustrated).

The marvellous "Ever-Ready" blades wipe the stiffest stubble off the face with velvet-like smoothness. They assure you a new degree of comfort in self-shaving.

A razor is only as good as its blades—and "Radio" Blades make "Ever-Ready" the best shaving razor in the world, regardless of price.

Refuse substitutes. Look for Trade Mark Face.

INTERNATIONAL DISTRIBUTING CO., LTD.
6 & 7, Stonecutter Street, London, E.C.

'Ever-Ready' Safety Razor

EXTRA "RADIO" BLADES, 6 for 2/- or 12 for 4/-

For Star, Yankee, Gem and Clemak Razors.

5/-

Work! Work! Work!

No holidays—greater strain —better food—or breakdown

Quaker Oats

is far more nourishing than any other food. It satisfies —— the woman's demand for fine flavour, little fuss, and little cost —— the man's desire for that "well fed" feeling —— the child's needs for healthy growth.

Those who judge their food by the work they can do on it, regularly eat Quaker Oats—and save money.

14/4

The Picture of Health

HER MOTHER SAYS:—

"I thought you might like to see my little girl's photo. She is just three years old. Since she was a baby of four months I have given her Steedman's Powders; and I always found them not only cooling, but cleansing and refreshing. I used to give them on the same day each week, and if I happened to miss, she was cross and fretful. She cut all her teeth without my knowing, thanks to those priceless powders."

"A SIMPLE WOODEN CROSS."

THE MEMORIAL WHICH THE OFFICIALS REJECTED.

A Field Artilleryman recently died in Bristol from wounds received at the Front, and was buried in a local cemetery. His most intimate friend, "not in a position to place anything on the grave in remembrance," made a small wooden cross, which was laid on the grave by the dead soldier's sister. After it had remained for about a fortnight, the sister received a notice from one of the cemetery officials that she must remove the cross. "I have not yet had it removed," its maker writes to us, "for I think it is a shame that the Corporation will not allow a simple cross, a foot square, to remain on the grave of a citizen who has given his life for his country." The fact that the man died for his country has probably nothing to do with their attitude. If he had been in a position to erect a cross of gold or silver or marble or granite or other precious stones, it would have been all right; but it is the rule that friendship and grief must not display their poverty on the resting-place of the dead. A "simple wooden cross"—wrought perhaps with rude art but deep love—is no more than a salmon-tin or a jam-jar. If the complainant has not taken it away from his friend's grave by this time, it is not unlikely he will find it re-erected in loving memory on the cemetery scrap-heap. He must live in hope that some day he will be able to buy his dead friend a gorgeous mausoleum. It is an axiom that the burial ground attached to a church is the "vicar's freehold," and doubtless in many cases it is necessary for him to insist upon the observance of stringent regulations in regard to the adornment of graves. Many reverend "freeholders" prohibit artificial flowers, and some the use of jam-jars or other unorthodox receptacles for fresh-cut blossoms, but in view of the divine origin of the wooden cross we must confess to some surprise at the action of the authorities, as reported to us in this case.

BRITISH GOODS FOR BRITAIN.

BUT FAIR PLAY FOR THE CONSUMER AS WELL.

We have always demanded Britain for the British and British goods for British people; but there will have to be a considerable change in the attitude of unconscionable profiteers if this ideal is to be realised. Let us put the case as it is presented to us by a Malvern lady; it is really typical. "For instance," she says, "before the war a child's pair of cotton gloves could be obtained for 1s. 0½d.; now we are told they were made in Austria, and the price demanded for a similar pair of cotton gloves made in England is 1s. 11½d. The tradesman proudly points to the words inside, 'Made in England,' whereupon the patriotic customer almost as proudly secures the prize, having indeed no other option. However, after a few days' shopping on these lines, one's purse begins to look emaciated. Even our patriotism does not fit our consciences quite so happily, and we begin to wonder when will come our turn to feel the much-lauded benefits of buying only British goods. It does seem to me that the powers that be forgot to include the poor consumer in their ideas. Unfortunately, our experiences of the British trader during the past two years do not inspire us women with confidence, so it would be encouraging to know that in helping to drive out the Hun, we shall not be playing an entirely unselfish part and placing ourselves and our small incomes at the mercy of unscrupulous purse-snatchers in the form of our own countrymen. We are quite prepared to make sacrifices for the common good, but we should like to feel that burdens are equally distributed." Before the war, the British trader did very well by selling foreign goods cheap; now he is apparently determined to do ever so much better by selling British goods dear. We confess that, apart from some obvious conclusions from economical propositions, this sort of thing does give most of us "furiously to think."

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

BULL-DOGGEREL RHYMES BY THE "BOW-WOW."

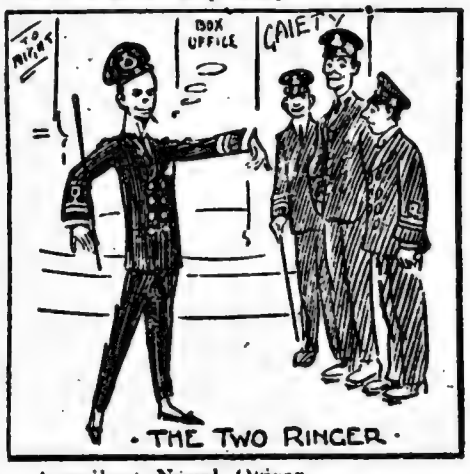
The Reverend R. J. Campbell thinks
The only Truth he's found,
And calls the Church he slid from to
"Come over" at a bound.

If that whining swine, young William,
Thinks his peace talk can deceive,
God help him! For his cerements
E'en now the Allies weave!

Despite the pittering which took place,
At Suffering's shrill cry,
The members of the Jewish race
Will seldom help deny.

Why should the War Office conceal
The names of heroes who
Strafe Zepps, and send them hurtling down
In flames, from out the blue?

To favour foreign Jews appears
The Government's design,
Which for "All-British" trade is not
A very hopeful sign.



A gallant Naval Officer
George Grossmith has become;
Let's hope he won't be niggardly
When issuing the rum!

THE BROK

Howl of the Hungry Hun.
No Peace but Ours - - -

By THE

ANOTHER week has passed, and Tommy is a week's march nearer home. He is pounding away at the foe—on all fronts he is winning. Be he French or British, Russian or Serb, he is on the home trail—the road that leads to a smashing victory and a glorious peace. There will be some rough places yet, some nasty spots and ugly looking snags to pass, but the unquenchable spirit that, like the Tank, smashes obstacles and overcomes all difficulties, is burning hot in every breast. The Song of Triumph is on the Allies' lips. We *know* we are winning. Just a little longer, a little more endurance, one great united effort—united not only at the front, but at home—and we shall be ringing the joy-bells and counting the gains of conquest. What those gains shall be depends upon the will of the Allies, not upon the word of the Neutral, however important in his own estimation. We who have fought the war will make the peace. No international conference, with the purse-proud busybodies of the Neutral world putting a finger in the pie of peace, will do for us or our friends of the stricken field. We cannot too directly again declare our intentions, or with too great emphasis make known our determination. The friends of the Hun, the apologists for the Kaiser, are sowing the seed in Neutral soil. The Dictator of this World War, who invoked the thunders of Armageddon and set flowing the blood of nations, is represented as the sad, unhappy victim of Britain's hate. We who stood aside from entrance into the quarrel until our good name, our Imperial honour, impelled us to go to the succour of our Allies and to the help of Belgium—our ward of international guardianship—are painted as the Devil in the Car of Europe's undoing. Was there ever so fantastic and mad a picture? But now that the leaden pallor of Death has spread over the once fair land of Germany and the ghosts of her million dead cry aloud from the blood-soaked fields of battle, the cold fingers of Fate are fastening on the Hohenzollerns, and the pale and haggard Kaiser is searching feverishly over the world for one friendly hand—for one comforting helper. His people are crying aloud for bread. The Food Minister is being denounced because he cannot make meat out of stones. The howl of the hungry Hun is loud in the land.

The Changed Hun.

Being as we are a somewhat cold and undemonstrative nation, we are not easily moved. But we have got our teeth into the business, and like the bull-dog which stands as symbol of our strength and tenacity we will not let go. We take a lot of rousing—we were content to be left alone in our peaceful prosperity, in our miserable littlenesses of political squabbles and partisan strifes. We did not at first realise the greatness and the glory that Fate held out to us. But when we *did* see—when we measured in all its majesty the call of Destiny—we soon girded on the armour of a Righteous Cause and went forth to victory. That is why to-day the Hour of Triumph is approaching and the doom of the Hohenzollern draws nearer. On us it was intended that the Kaiser's curse should fall; on us and on our Royal House, whose blood he shares, that the humiliation of defeat should rest. But man or monarch proposes, and the God of Battles disposes. For the Kaiser, that mad march of triumph through ravaged Belgium and stricken Flanders has now been transformed as if by magic into a grim and sullen retreat. Versed in the arts of war, living and breathing battle, feeding on the hopes of "The Day" and growing fat on the thought of conflict, the Emperor and his War Lords now see defeat, like the grinning figure of Death, blackening out the horizon of their dreams. Even yet they would deceive themselves, and letting "it cannot be" hide "it is," they deny the inevitableness of facts and seek to dress up defeat in the gaudy dress of a sham victory. You have only to look beyond the blurred battlefields of smoke and blood into the mind of the Kaiser and those who surround him to see defeat in every countenance and death mirrored in every eye. Just as I told you that Germany was in despair, so now I tell you the Kaiser is a broken man, who *knows* he is beaten. He may still bluster; he may even try to brag. But deep down in the soul of that man who listened to the promptings of the Demon of War and threw his dynasty as dice for the gamble of blood, the truth lies rank and festering. He is beaten and broken. No hope remains save the despairing one of saving something from the wreck of conflict and perchance preventing the full force of the revenge of an outraged and betrayed people. The Germans have been well schooled. For them the Divine Right of Kings has possessed a lingering reality, and the sanctity of Royalty a true if fading aroma.

No Peace but Ours.

But the Empire, the centre of all their hopes—which Bismarck built by laborious cunning in an era of triumph—is in jeopardy, and the throne which he buttressed with victories will totter in the day of the great defeat. Useless then for the Kaiser's apologists to plead that it was not he who willed this war; that he was carried along the rushing stream of militarism and was submerged in the waters of war by the vain ambitions of his Army Chiefs and the mad vanities of his eldest son. The penalty or the privilege of kingship is responsibility. We should never lose sight of Germany's responsibility for the war, because it is with Germany that we shall have to deal in dictating peace. And how well Germany appreciates the position! She realises that with the might of our Navy and the splendid power of our Army, with our Imperial obligations and our world-wide sway, our voice in the time of peace—our influence in the final settlement—will be great and dominating. She thinks that if she could only get the Neutral into the business, America and Holland, Sweden and Switzerland—all of whom have done well out of the Hun in the past, and are anxious to continue or resume her custom after the war—something may yet be done to temper the terms of her coming defeat. Fortunately, it has been reserved for the War Secretary to express the feelings of the British people. We will have no Neutral interference. We say to America,

...N KAISER.

...EDITOR.

The Wounded and the Widow.
- - - - Duty of Parliament

"We do not need your good offices. We do not intend that the hyphenated in the States—who have harboured the spy and the incendiary, who have nurtured a Durnberg and made common cause with the enemies of liberty—shall have a word to say or a whisper of influence on the final settlement. All the appeals of a protesting Kaiser, all the silly blasphemies of a now cringing Crown Prince, will not alter by a hair's breadth the determination of the Allies to fight till the foe cries for mercy, and then to formulate a peace which shall be the terms of the conqueror to the broken and beaten Hun. "We are all tired of the bloodshed. We all want peace. England is the Power responsible for the continuation of the effort to crush us." That is the statement of the Crown Prince, who now admits "the deadly peril that overhangs the Fatherland." Well, if it be true that we are responsible for continuing the struggle until the hideous menace to Europe has been killed, then all I can say is that no more splendid responsibility could rest upon the Empire and no greater honour bestowed upon us than to be the chosen instrument. If Germany wants peace she can have it—but on the Allies' terms.

Westminster's Wind-Machine.

But while we look upon the certain procession to victory with assured hope, never let us, in fixing our gaze on the splendid doings in the fighting line, forget that we at home are an intimate part of the warring hosts, and that just as we exert or relax effort, so we help or retard the day of glory. I am one of those who would willingly see Parliament shut up "for the duration of the war." Don't you notice what wonders have been happening at the Front while the wind-machine at Westminster has been silent? But if Parliament must sit, and the members of the House of Commons earn their £400 a year, then let it be truly representative of the spirit of the people, a faithful mirror of our desires. Thank God, such men as Lord Bryce and Sir John Simon are not fair specimens of the best minds either of Lords or Commons. The sloppy sentiment of the peer and the Teutonic economics of the Commoner are, nevertheless, both a sign and a warning. These men are of the tribe that would counsel tenderness to a mad dog, and suggest afternoon tea for the Devil. Lord Bryce has ever been a meddlesome milksop, if not a dangerous crank. His suggestion that we should cultivate kindly thoughts for the ravisher and the despoiler is on a par with that famous—or I should say infamous—suggestion, never to be forgotten, that "the national growth of Canada would probably be quickened by union with the United States." National growth, indeed! If my Lord Bryce could have seen his pro-American dream come true, Canada would have been cut off from her Imperial heritage, and the glory of her sons in this war lost in the infamy of the hyphenated. Neither the pacifist pleas of a Bryce nor the trade arguments of a Simon in favour of the dumping German will avail against the national sentiment. We hate the foe. We are out to kill him, and to cripple for ever afterwards the Hun's power for evil.

We look to the Government to crush all influences which give aid and comfort to the German, and to foster every project which makes for his undoing. If the war imperatively demands a further call upon the man-power of the nation, then let that call be given. There will be a real, a rousing response. But I repeat, it must be a call which is based on necessity, and carried out with justice. If it be true that "England is the Power responsible for the continuation" of the effort to crush Germany, then the more reason to use our energies in the right way, and distribute our power with a just regard for all that is meant by that productive industry which renders possible a continuance of our fighting strength.

Ireland, always Ireland!

We shall be certain to hear a good deal in Parliament of the position of Ireland, and much breath will be wasted in putting the case for and against the compulsory service of Irishmen. To me the position is simple. It is to the immortal honour of Ireland that she has given us some of the best of our fighters. Among the ghosts of Gallipoli, in the graves of Flanders—wherever men have fallen and sleep the sleep of heroes—there are the soldiers of Ireland to be found. And if to maintain the martial efficiency of those regiments it is necessary to sound the clarion note of duty across the Irish Sea, then let it be sounded, loudly and fearlessly. Govern Ireland justly but firmly, and all will be well. Fear has been the canker in the heart of the Executive—that fear which breeds indecision and rears the head of civil strife. Ireland has had her just grievances—her history is strewn with stories of hardship and oppression. But in the hope of the future the despair of the past may be buried. And if the politicians would trust their followers, and Ministers be true to their responsibilities, Ireland will yet shine as a brilliant emerald in the Imperial Crown.

For the Wounded and the Widow.

But the obligation to service and to sacrifice on the part of the citizen implies the duty of the State to care for the wounded and succour the widow and orphan. The tale of muddle and injustice in dealing with our soldiers and their dependents continues its long length. Cases of gross stupidity and, I am afraid, sometimes of callous indifference, reach me from all quarters, while the daily press is witness to constantly repeated instances of hardship and unfairness. Those of us who were foremost in winning volunteers to the Colours are under a solemn obligation to right these wrongs and to smooth the paths of men and women who have suffered gr e ous y in the stern fortunes of war. Sorrow and weeping there must be; but despair and want are the infamous and unnecessary outcome of red tape and incompetence. The nation has set its teeth for the struggle to the end. We are nearing the goal and the radiance of victory is upon our faces. When the Great Hour comes, there must be no trace of avoidable suffering, no semblance of preventable sorrow, in this land of ours. Parliament will grossly betray its trust if a single old soldier is found after this war begging his bread in the street, an object alike of our pity and our indignation. Let us see to it.

BEAUTY
&
OXYGEN

go together. With the aid of Ven-Yusa, the Oxygen Face Cream, you thus add charm and attractiveness to your complexion, and do real good to your skin.

The daily use of Ven-Yusa, with its gentle, stimulating action upon the skin, is a necessity to every woman who gives a thought to her personal appearance.

Many of the most beautiful women of the day use Ven-Yusa regularly. They find it indispensable.

VEN-YUSA
The Oxygen Face Cream

Only price 1/- per jar, of Chemists, Hairdressers, &c. If your dealer is out of stock, send price direct to C. B. Fulford, Ltd., Leeds. Nothing extra for postage.

IMPUDENCE AND IGNORANCE.

THE RECIPES OF RIDICULOUS REILLY.

Readers may remember previous references in our columns to a person named Reilly, of Meath Street, Dublin, a purveyor, among other pestilential rubbish, of recipes for some nasty things called "Lovedrops." That branch of his objectionable trade was carried on by advertisement, but Reilly is now circularising people—sending lists of his atrocious things, badly written on scraps of paper and backs of envelopes. His appeal is a very ignorant one, but, as he makes it to the ignorant and foolish, it is a source of possible danger in some instances, while in others it is nothing better than flat-catching foolery. Here are a few of the nonsensical things he vends:—"How to make Love Dust, Hypnotiseing powder, Itch Powder, Goldplateing Powder, Egg Produceing Powder, Kiddies alarm booms, Statues that Sum to life, Loss of Man and Womanhood Mixture, Eraser and Weather Forcaster, Orangade, and Pot Plant forceing powder." Another absurd line he offers, also in his own spelling, is "Paul Brothers Voilet Ink. These two brothers have cleared 5 and 6 francs per day just visiting Banks, offices, and Stationary Stores. I have purchased this Secret in Paris." We unhesitatingly denounce that statement as a whopper, nor can we reconcile the clearing by Paul Brothers of "5 and 6 francs per day" with the succeeding assertion that these two gentlemen—probably wholly imaginary—made out of their "voilet ink" "half one million dollars in a short time." Half-a-million dollars made at 6 francs per diem would take longer than "a short time." Another item seems like a cunning invitation to criminal minds:—"Pure Virgin Artificial Gold. No experts test can detect it from the real thing. All I ask is that you use this Information for only lawful purposes." As a conclusive instance of Reilly's bumptious ignorance, let us quote some of his assurances, illiterate and idiotic, concerning something he calls "Somonelcy," and for which his terms are "Secret 3s. 6d. Cost 8 dollars." Under a bad pen-and-ink drawing of a fat woman wearing a black mask, he writes:—"You are genuinely blindfolded. Audience are requested to write any thing upon slips of paper regarding Business, love, Lost and stolen articles, *ect.*, and to place papers in their pockets. Medium answers all questions. She can give the dates on coins, person's age, *ect.* How many brothers or sisters they have *ect.* Anyone can do it." And any fool sending the money can be done by it. Should there be any such fool in existence desiring to buy one of Reilly's "Secrets," we suggest his recipe for "Everlasting Wood":—"Time and weather takes no effect on wood treated with my simple mixture and any wooden posts of any wood will last sound over one hundred years." Reilly's customers, if he has any, should apply that "simple mixture" to their heads. We wonder whether Reilly has ever kissed the Blarney Stone!

A STIFF UPPER LIP.

THE LABEL THAT BECAME UNSTUCK.

Representatives of the old school of soldier still exist—veterans who saw a generation of fighting before Charlie Chaplin attested. It is for such as they that "The Toilet Supply Co.," of 4, Marylands Road, Paddington, caters. "The finest moustache fixture obtainable, British made by British labour," can be bought from the proprietors—Messrs. J. & L. Vine—at 4½d. per tube manufactured by "The Wholesale Chemical Works," London. A delicate compliment is paid our Soldier-Prince, the Pomade Hongroise being named "Powor"—or, to give it its full title, the "Prince of Wales' Own Royal." A reader recently purchased some tubes, impressed no doubt by the label, whereon figured the picture of a gallant hussar, equipped with a pair of ultra-martial moustaches. Being of a curious turn of mind—possibly he had already "had some" in regard to another commodity—he removed the label from one of the tubes. It would be more correct to say he removed the outer label—for there was another, bearing the legend, "Blanc Excelsior Perfumery Co., Bremen, Germany." Naturally he wrote to us, and we paid a visit to Paddington, subsequently entering into correspondence with "The Toilet Supply Co.," who informed us that the "goods were bought from Messrs. Stephen Ketels, of Bremen, through an agent, whom we believe is since interned." There would appear to be only one probable solution to this tube trickery. At the outbreak of war, Messrs. J. & L. Vine doubtless had on hand a stock of these German-made goods, a stock obviously difficult to dispose of; and in these circumstances they thought proper to print special labels, and special cards on which to display their wares—both containing gross misstatements.

RACING NOTES.

By "The Squire."

By so nearly winning the Jockey Club Stakes, Sanctum is held in racing quarters to have accomplished a big trial for the Cesarewitch, and those who view it in this light declare the race is "all over bar shouting." I may have to take the four-year-old on my side in making a final decision, but at the present prices I would rather back Prawle Point and Corn Sheaf. If the latter can stay the course she is undoubtedly well in. With these two I should couple Chapel Brampton and Gay Lally for the big race of the Houghton Meeting.

"The Special" will be published as usual next Monday night, and will contain my final winding-up notes for the Cesarewitch, and full selections for the whole week. Orders to Messrs. Odhams, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C. (6d.).

Wire arrangements will be as usual, and all inquiries as to these should be addressed to me early, c.o. John Bull, 93, Long Acre, W.C.

I am sorry that by a printer's error last week I was made to give the address of Mr. Douglas Stuart's new office—taken by him for the purpose of conducting the business hitherto carried on by him at Liestal—as 5, Drury Street, *Glasford*, instead of Glasgow.

British Made Throughout

Osram gives its pleasing and brilliant illumination on the minimum of current consumption. For efficiency, strength, and long life there is no better lamp.

Osram

G·E·C

DRAWN WIRE

Lamps

Made at the Osram-Robertson Lamp Works, Hammersmith, London. See that every lamp sold as Osram bears the words "G.E.C., made in England." Refuse all others.

The 'M.O.'

(The Medical Officer.)

"As a critical professional man most of my actions are the result of reason. For instance, I bought Cavander's Army Club Cigarettes because I noticed they are manufactured by a Firm established for three centuries, and in my opinion they of all people, after that length of time, should know something about Cigarette manufacture. The results justify my reasoning, for they really are excellent Cigarettes."

CAVANDER'S

"Army Club"

CIGARETTES

PRICES: 9d. for 20; 1/10½d. for 50, 5/9 for 100.

FOR THE FRONT.—We will post 200 Army Club Cigarettes to Members of the Expeditionary Forces for 6/-, specially packed in air-tight tins of 50.

CAVANDER'S,
251, High Street, Glasgow.
The Firm of Three Centuries.
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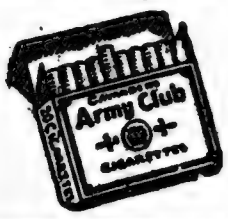

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Do You Want A Trained Man's Position?

The Country wants trained men and women to help fight this war.

Trained men and women are wanted to make munitions and keep the wheels of industry revolving. When Peace comes there will be an enormous demand for trained men and women to take advantage of new and glorious opportunities in the rebuilding of the Empire's Trade.

Every week the International Correspondence Schools receive hundreds of requests from Employers of Labour for trained men and women to fill highly-paid positions.

No matter how little time you have, or what your education—the I.C.S. can train you in your own home to become an expert in the occupation you prefer.

Mark and post the attached coupon NOW. In a month or two opportunity will be knocking at your door. Will you be ready? Post the coupon—or if you prefer send a postcard

AT ONCE.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS.
235, KINGSWAY, W.C.

Please send me, without obligation on my part, your illustrated book, describing the opportunities for gaining increased earnings in the occupation which I have marked X.

—Business Training	—Coal & Metal Mining
—Book-Keeping	—Mechanical Engineering
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—Shopkeeping	—Architecture & Building
—Advertising	—Illustrating & Designing
—Munition Work	—Marine Engineering
—Boiler Engineering	—Steam Engineering
—Gas-Power Engineering	—Woodworking
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—Careers for Men	

NOTE.—If the subject desired is not in the above List, write it here_____

Name_____

Address_____

P. Pat. 11538/16

A Watch-protector that SHOWS the time — not hides it

This *improved* watch-protector reveals the time in any position, yet protects perfectly. It fits any wrist watch, — once fixed you need not touch it.

Telephoning, writing, driving — whenever the hands are employed, turn your wrist and the time is before you.

WRIST WATCH "Mesh-Guard"

Have one fitted to-day—then the first fall or squeeze your watch receives the 'Mesh-Guard' has paid for itself.

Insist on the 'Mesh-Guard.' British-owned and British-made. Sold by leading Jewellers everywhere. Nickel or khaki 1/-; in Rolled Gold or Hall-marked Silver 2/6

If any difficulty in obtaining, please send your name & address to the

'Mesh-Guard' Advertising Dept., 10-13, New Bridge St., London

PERICLES CYCLE TYRES

5/- Wired on Covers

3/6 Beaded Edge Covers

2/9 Inner Tubes

If you cannot afford a high-priced tyre, you certainly cannot afford a low-quality one.

Get the Pericles—the low-priced tyre—which is unequalled at anything like its cost.

IN ALL STANDARD SIZES OF ALL CYCLE AGENTS.

DUNLOP RUBBER CO. LTD.

We will make your old Suit look like new!

For 3s. 9d. (plus *less* than 10 per cent. War Increase) we will clean and press your suit equal to new. Free collection and delivery by local branches or carriage paid one way if sent direct.

Write for handsome free Booklet.

Achille Serre Ltd

Head Office: Hackney Wick, London.

East 3710—4 lines.

Branches and Agencies Everywhere.

D144

SYMINGTON'S SOUPS

When it's a problem to know what to provide—just serve Symington's Soup, and a round of well-browned toast!

13 varieties to choose from—cheap, easy to prepare, a satisfying meal, and always appetising.

VARIETIES:

Tomato, Oxtail, Mulligatawny, Lentil, Kidney, Hare, Mock Turtle, Green Pea, Celery, Pea, Scotch Broth, Onion, White Vegetable.

Sold everywhere—a packet makes a quart.

W. SYMINGTON. & CO., Ltd., Bowden Steam Mills, Market Harboro'

When buying Dog, Poultry and Cage Bird FOODS —be careful of fancy names.

Some foods you *think* are SPRATT'S are *not* SPRATT'S at all. Always look for the name

SPRATT'S

and the TRADE MARK X

SPRATT'S PATENT, LTD., 24-25, Fenchurch Street, London, E.C.

841

VOL-PEEK

The Wonderful Invention.

Mends holes in Pots, Pans and all Metal articles without tools, and in two minutes. Sold in packets, 2d. each, of all Oilshops, Ironmongers and Grocers. If unobtainable send 3d. to

R. D. STOREY,

4, Brunner Road, Ealing, W.

BEACON OILSKINS

Keep you dry always. Men's 9/- Children's 2/6, Sou'-westers, 1/6, Long Leggings 2/9. Guaranteed against stickiness, leakage or dissatisfaction on money-back methods. **Illustrated List Post Free** Send Post-card now for this Art Booklet of "Weather Comfort," to HARBOUR'S, Ltd., 67, Beacon Buildings, South Shields.

MEN'S SUPERIOR KNITTED JACKETS.

Excellent Quality and Finish, in Grey, Khaki, and Black-and-White, well made, full men's size, thick, **superior** knit, very strong, with sleeves, collar, pockets, also preserver front and buttons to match. Excellent for Holiday, Sports, or Outdoor wear Very warm. Special offer, 3 for 11/6. Galaxy Sole Catalogue post free.

SALE PRICE **3/11** Postage 6d. extra.

F. Hodgson & Sons (*Dpt J.B.*) Woodhouse Rd. Leeds

DUTY FREE TOBACCO.

Clarkson's Special Twist.

An Ideal Smoking and Chewing Tobacco.

2/4 per lb. Postage 1/- extra.

Dispatched to Expeditionary Forces. Send P.O. to—

JAMES CLARKSON & SON,

83, High Street, Falkirk.

A TEMPTING OFFER!

AN AMERICAN "GENTLEMAN" AND OUR £1,000 "BULLET" PRIZE.

Our conscience has been sorely tested during the past week by the receipt of two letters from a Mr. John Lomax, of Nashville, Florence, and Gulf Railway and Terminals Co., of Alabama, Florida, and Mississippi, U.S.A., but apparently at present sojourning at 45, St. Mark's Road, Preston. Writing us from that address on October 1st, this American gentleman makes the following suggestion :—

> If you can, by any means, put me in for the second prize, £250, for which I enclose my best efforts, in "Bullets" for current effort, I will tell you what I will do with it. I have travelled considerably in the States and Canada. I know of a strong private syndicate, with available funds up to 50 million dollars, formed for the purpose of *financing, building, managing, etc., any approved proposition that shall have for its objects the importation of American products.* What a vista this holds out for Great Britain!! I would go and approach them, first, on the question of grain, and, secondly, on other food products. They would build, and equip, a series of grain elevators and warehouses at some of our principal ports. I would say to them, build, buy, and ship your own grain, and appoint your own seller at this side, and the same with other products. This Syndicate is composed of bankers and the highest commercial and industrial magnates in New York.
>
> What do you say to being personally identified with a big movement like this, not only to provide and cheapen food in this country, but to get some of our money back, in the shape of foodstuffs? I shall be pleased to hear your views on the matter.

Needless to say, the vista thus opened to us of being the means of solving the great food problem—by the simple process of awarding a £250 prize to Mr. Lomax—caused us to meditate deeply on the ethics of the proposition. Before, however, we had had an opportunity of consulting the Bishop of London, or some other eminent divine, there came a second letter, dated October 3rd, from the same address and from which it is obvious that Mr. Lomax himself had also been meditating the matter further—with the result that he has seen his way to elaborate and improve the scheme, considerably enhancing its personal attractions for ourselves. Here is the letter :—

> *Re* my letter of the 2nd inst., in reference to American visit. I have since thought that if you would *write me out* a really first-class "Bullet" or "Bullets," and one that you think would gain the prize of £1,000, then I would, in case of success, return half to you personally, the other half to be used for the purposes of the proposed expedition. *My mouth would be for ever sealed.*
>
> I think such a project for the feeding of our people should be eagerly seized upon before the Huns get hold of it—the transport of which might lead to international complications. If large stocks of cereals had been stored before the war, this shortage would not have been so severe. I have long been an advocate of "National" granaries. Should, of course, the Government respond favourably, the above would be a welcome addition.

The best reply we can make to this remarkable document is to reiterate our offer of £1,000 to anyone who can prove that any of our prizes are not genuinely won and paid.

We may add that we have received an equally improper suggestion from a London reader—whose name we suppress simply because she tells us that she is an invalided woman who is desirous of obtaining funds for the purpose of getting into a nursing home.

The example we have made of the above impudent proposal will, we trust, act as a deterrent to others.

We renew our invitation to "Bullets" competitors to call at any time of the day and witness the Judges at work.

HEALTH AND BEAUTY HINTS.

Stop worrying; keep plodding; eat moderately; get rid of your ailments with the help of Shadforth Prescriptions. Here are some examples:

INTESTINAL FERMENTATION AND ATONIC DYSPEPSIA (the Carbolic Cure).
(Formula 254.)
Medicinal Carbolic, Nux Vomica, Rhubarb, Capsicum, Gentian.
Non-purgative, tonic, antiseptic. With directions. Price 1/1½ (72) and 1/11 (144 pills).

LOSS OF WEIGHT, THINNESS, RICKETS, NERVOUSNESS.
(Formula 552.)
(A Nerve and Flesh Builder.)
Zinc, Phosphide, Lecithin, Calcium Hypoph., Soda Hypoph., Potas. Hypoph., Casein, Sugar.
Dose: 1 to 3 tablets with meals. Children may take half-tablet. Price 1/1½ (36 tablets) and 2/8 (144 tablets).

SICKNESS, PAINS IN THE STOMACH, CONSTIPATION, BILIOUSNESS. (Formula 2,000.)
Will relieve bilious attacks, sick headache, and some forms of bowel indigestion. Useful in the home or in the soldier's knapsack. In pill form.
Barbadoes Aloes, Capsicine, Pure Olive Oil, Soft Soap.
1/1 (144) or 2/5 (432).

DYSPEPSIA, HEARTBURN, WIND, AND CONSTIPATION.
(Formula 882.)
Contains Nature's digestive juices.
Pepsin, Malt Extract, Diastase, Charcoal, Cascara Extract.
In tablets. Dose: 2 with meals. 1/1½ (72) and 1/11 (144).

STUFFINESS IN THE NOSE, LOSS OF SMELL, DRY THROAT.
(Formula 829.)
(Naso-Pharyngeal Catarrh)
Sodium Biborate, Sodium Bicarbonate, Phenol.
Useful in hay fever; removes that stuffy feeling. 1/1½ (144 tablets.)

SHELL SHOCK, LASSITUDE, WEAKNESS, DEPRESSION.
(Formula 470T.)
Phosphorus, Nux Vomica Extract, Damiana Extract, Pure Lecithin.
In tablets. Dose: 1 or 2 tablets after each meal. Price 1/7 (36 tablets) and 5/8 (144 tablets). This formula acts like magic.

HEART, NERVE, AND STOMACH TONIC.
(Formula 632.)
Nux Vomica Extract, Digitalis, Gentian Extract Dandelion Extract.
Dose: 1 or 2 pills after meals. Price 1/1½ (36) and 2/9 (144).

SALLOW COMPLEXION, BLACKHEADS, PIMPLES, DULL EYES.
(Formula 442—improved.)
(A Complexion Toilet.)
Charcoal, Dried Sulph. Iron, Calcium Sulphide, Nux Vomica Extract, Gentian Extract.
Price 1/1½ (72) and 1/11 (144).

EXCESSIVE STOUTNESS, FLABBY LIMBS.
(Formula 314.)
(A successful treatment.)
Extract of Seaweed Potassium Iodide, Thyroid Gland.
In pills. With directions. 1/1½ (36) and 2/8 (144).

UNSIGHTLY SKIN SORIASIS, ECZEMA, ALOPECIA (BALD PATCHES).
(Formula 850.)
Mercury Perchl., Creosote, Zinc Ointment.
To be applied night and morning. Price 1/3 and 3/-.

PAINS IN LIMBS AND JOINTS, STIFFNESS, SWOLLEN TOES AND FINGERS. (Formula 74.)
(Rheumatic Gout and Arthritis.)
Colchicum Extract, Blue Pill, Comp. Rhubarb Pill, Extract Hyoscyamus, Methylene Blue.
Useful in Rheumatic Gout, Sciatica, and certain forms of Arthritis. With directions. Price 1/1½ (50) and 1/11 (100).

HOME-MADE HAIR TONIC. (Formula 905.)
Jaborandi, Cantharides, Phenol, Borax, etc., dispensed with Bay Rum.
Quickly stops hair falling out, and promotes growth. Price 2/7 and 4/7.

PILES, HABITUAL CONSTIPATION, SLUGGISH LIVER, AND ATONIC DYSPEPSIA.
(Formula 394.)
Cascara, Nux Vomica, Belladonna, and Gentian.
With directions. Price 1/1½ (36 pills), 2/9 (144 pills).

COUGHS, COLDS, SORE CHEST. (Formula 617.)
Ipecacuanha, Squills, Antimony, Cloves, Menthol, Peppermint, etc.
Makes 1 pint of lung tonic. Price 2/-

Dispensed and supplied at the prices named, post free (abroad extra), by

MR. WM. SHADFORTH. PHARMACEUTICAL CHEMIST (Shadforth Prescription Service, Ltd.),
63 (Dept. J.B.), GROVE ROAD, BOW, LONDON, E.

Book of Prescriptions free on request to new customers provided an order for 2/6 is sent.

The Senior Service on

MURATTI

"CLASSIC" CIGARETTES

II.—The Submarine's Commander.

10 for 4d.

"WHEN a dive is suddenly a healthy necessity—after the hull of an enemy destroyer has barely scraped my periscope—it's then I say to the boys :—'A "Classic," lads?' And be sure they enjoy 'em. Really top-hole Virginia, of rare and true American Flavour, they've got a way of rounding off those innumerable adventures of which the public hear nothing and of which 'The Trade' knows so much."

"Classic" Cigarettes are of carefully selected American Virginia tobacco—a most unusual feature in a 10-for-4d. cigarette. They are free from dust, smooth smoking, and luxurious to the last whiff.

On sale everywhere :

100	50	20	10
3/4	1/8	8d.	4d.

Exceptionally fine pictures on silk in each packet and box.

Made by MURATTI'S, famous throughout the world for "ARISTON" and "NEB-KA" Turkish Cigarettes.

Become a
Good Pianist
without constant 'Practising'

No more weary grinding at "Scales" and "Exercises."

My System has abolished all necessity for keyboard drudgery. It is now possible to obtain in a few months a mastery of the piano often unobtainable even after years of laborious practising for several hours daily.

Sir Frederick Bridge and other eminent musicians highly recommend and use the System. No apparatus or specially written score.

The quickest and most certain way to permanent mastery of the piano.

7,000 Successful Pupils.

Send 1d. Postage for my FREE BOOK "Light on Pianoforte Playing."

This Book explains fully how I teach the System by a series of Postal Lessons and the fee I charge. The lessons are carefully adapted to individual requirements, my personal attention being given to each student. Apply for booklet to-day, stating whether comparative beginner, average or advanced player. Address—

A. MACDONALD SMITH,
19, Bloomsbury Sq., London, W.C.

'From Brain to Keyboard'

MACDONALD SMITH'S SYSTEM OF PIANOFORTE PLAYING.

Britain builds the best ships in the World.

Britain makes the best textiles in the World.

Britain brews the best Lager in the World—

ALLSOPP'S

IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE.

Goo' mornin', Mister George. 'Ope you're well, sir. . . . Glad to 'ear it. It's wunnerful, considerin' the amount o' work you must be gittin' through. The country 'as a lot to thank you for, sir, an' no mistake . . . *'Air trimmin' as usual?* Yessir . . I was sayin' the country's got a lot to thank you for, sir. Wot with your 'elp in bringin' out the "Tanks," wot are puttin' the fear of 'Ell into the 'Uns, an' yore straight tork to the neutrals, you're doin' no end of good work fur the country. But there's a goo' deal more you might do now you've got the power, if you don't mind me saying so, sir, an' you can find the time. You've won our confidence, you know, sir, an' we orlways expeck a lot from a man wot's won our confidence . . *Wot do I mean in perticklar?* Well, there's them Medical Boards, sir, wot's sittin' 'ere an' there about the country, sir, examinin' soljers to see if they're fit fur active service at the front. From wot I can hear some of 'em are rather exceedin' the limit. They seem to think that becos a man *looks* fairly fit, he's fit enough fur the firin' line, w'ich ain't always the case, sir. There's bin some narsty cases mentioned in the papers lately, sir, w'ere chaps 'ave bin parssed A1 an' a few weeks after 'ave died of chronic complaints. Men with no lungs, a few scraps o' kidney, cracked 'earts, an' broken-down stummicks 'ave been ticked orf A1, w'en they 'aven't bin no more use than a fan in 'Ell. 'Ow is it, sir? Ain't they proper doctors wot set on them Boards? Carn't they tell w'en men are sound or not? If they carn't they are either rogues or fools. I 'eard of a case the other day w'en about 200 men were examined somew'ere's on the East Coast an' parsed fur A1, an' sent to the 3rd line fur final trainin' before bein' sent to the Front. Within a week, about 'arf of 'em were sent back as no good fur the fightin' line. Is there enny excuse fur things like that, sir? If I sent out an assistant to buy a dozen shavin' mugs and 'e brought back 'arf of 'em cracked, wot should I think of 'im? Should I give 'im the same job again or turn 'im down as a washout? . . . Well, thet's the sorter thing these 'ere Medical Boards is a-doin', and I reckon it's scandalous. Parssin' unfit, middle-age married men fur the fightin' line, w'ile young, 'ealthy, single chaps is takin' cover be'ind badges an' stars, an' walkin' the streets in civies! See if you can find time to look into it, sir. Tell these 'ere Medical Boards they mustn't play the fool no longer. You're in command, an' a word from you should carry weight. . . . That short enough, sir? Thank you, sir. *Goo'* day, sir. Much obliged, I'm shore.

HEARD IN THE TRAIN.

THE INQUIRING MIND.

SOLDIER (*on leave*): W'y, 'e seems to 'ave grow'd since I saw 'im larst.

WIFE (*querulously*): I carn't see it meself. If 'e's grow'd in anythink it's wickedness. The queschuns 'e arsks is enough to drive ennybody mad.

SOLDIER: Pooh! They *do* awsk queschuns at 'is age, don't they, son?

SMALL BOY: Don't 'oo wot, farther?

SOLDIER: W'y, little boys like you awsk lots o' queschuns?

SMALL BOY: Wot about?

SOLDIER: W'y, everythink. (*To wife.*) Let 'em, *I* ses. Thet's 'ow they learn. W'en I was in our mess-room the other day, a lance-corporal wot was swankin' 'is noo stripe sed——

SMALL BOY: Farther, wot's a mess-room.

SOLDIER: W'y, the room w'ere you messes, o' course.

SMALL BOY: I never!

SOLDIER: Don't be silly. I sed a mess-room was the room w'ere wo messes.

SMALL BOY: 'Oo messes, farther?

SOLDIER: W'y, my platoon.

SMALL BOY: Wot's a platoon, farther? Is it a animal?

SOLDIER (*bitterly*): No, but the platoon sergeant is.

SMALL BOY (*excitedly*): Do you keep it chained up, farther?

SOLDIER: No—worse luck. (*Turning to wife.*) But I was tellin' you about that lance-corporal. 'E comes into the mess an'——

SMALL BOY: Wot's a lance-corporal, dad?

SOLDIER: Not so much as 'e thinks 'e is. (*To wife.*) But I was tellin' you about 'im. 'E comes into the mess——

SMALL BOY: W'y does 'e come into the mess, farther?

SOLDIER: Becos it's 'is duty, o' course. Well, 'e comes into the mess, an' shouts——

SMALL BOY: Did 'e shout becos 'e came into the mess, farther?

SOLDIER: Keep quiet a minute, sonny, there's a good lad. 'E comes into the mess, an' shouts——

SMALL BOY: Shouldn't 'e 'ave shouted, farther? Mother's orlways tellin' me I shouldn't shout.

SOLDIER: You shouldn't ask so many queschuns, my son.

WIFE: Don't be so sharp with 'im, Jim. 'Ere you are, on'y jest comin' 'ome on leaf, an' you're scoldin' the boy already.

SOLDIER: Nothink o' the sort! On'y w'en 'e interrups, I——

WIFE: 'E never. You've gotter narsty temper, *thet's* wot it is.

SOLDIER: 'Ere, wot's the matter?

WIFE: Never you mind wot's the matter. The Army ain't doin' you no good, thet's wot it is. (*Left yapping.*)

The JOHN BULL *Pen* —— *DE LUXE MODEL*

With 1 coupon 3/6, by post 3/8
13 coupons 2/6, „ 2/8

"JOHN BULL" PEN COUPON. Value 1d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2/6 and loose 2d. stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a John Bull Gold-Nibbed Fountain Pen, Standard Model. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull," any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d. off the price. You may send 13 coupons, and P.O. for 1/6 only and loose 2d. stamps for postage. Address Pen Dept., "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. (*Oct. 14, 1916.*)

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

P.O.'s should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed & Co.

The Great Push

or the Gentle Push—which ?—

THE GREAT PUSH is required wherever Linos and polished floors are cleaned by the old-fashioned methods.

THE GENTLE PUSH—the easy glide—is all that is necessary when an O-Cedar Polish Mop is used.

These are the days when work should be done in the easiest possible manner with efficiency. Therefore use an O-Cedar Polish Mop.

The more it is used the richer and harder the polish becomes.

FREE TRIAL *for one week. Deposit the price with your Dealers, and if not satisfied your money will be returned.*

Prices: 4/2, 5/2 and 6/3

Manufacturers:
CHANNELL CHEMICAL CO., LTD.,
41-45, Old Street, London, E.C.

THE NEW TRIANGULAR
O-Cedar Polish Mop
WITH ADJUSTABLE HANDY-HANDLE-HINGE

Wasted with Indigestion.

Soon Restored to Perfect Health.

Mrs. Rutherford.

"Dr. Cassell's Tablets have completely cured me of acute indigestion and wasting," says Mrs. Rutherford, of 14, Peel Street, Stanley S.O., Co. Durham. She continues:—"It was no use trying to be careful about my food, for everything made me suffer. Latterly, I could keep nothing on my stomach, and I became so weak and wasted that I could only lie on a couch all day long. The suffering I endured was really awful—pain all round my body headache, flatulence, retching after every morsel I tried to eat. My nerves too, were weakened: I would start at a sound and tremble from head to foot.

"Nothing did me any good till I got Dr. Cassell's Tablets. Then my strength returned and gradually all suffering left me. Now I am as well as any woman could wish to be."

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

Dr. Cassell's Tablets are Nutritive, Restorative, Alterative, Anti-Spasmodic, and of great Therapeutic Value in all derangements of the Nerve and Functional Systems in old or young. They are the recognised modern home remedy for:—

Nervous Breakdown	**Sleeplessness**	**Mal-Nutrition**
Nerve Paralysis	**Anæmia**	**Wasting Diseases**
Spinal Paralysis	**Kidney Disease**	**Palpitation**
Infantile Paralysis	**Indigestion**	**Premature Decay**
Nervous Debility	**Stomach Disorder**	**Loss of Flesh**

Specially valuable for Nursing Mothers, and during the Critical Periods of Life. Sold by Chemists and Stores in all parts of the world, including leading Chemists in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, Africa, and India.

Prices: 1s., 1s. 3d., *and* 3s.—*the* 3s. *size being the most economical.*

FREE BOX sent on receipt of name and address and 2 penny stamps for postage and packing. Apply Dr. Cassell's Co., Ltd., Box D.C.7, Chester Road, Manchester.

EARLY AUTUMN SALE OF REAL WITNEY BLANKETS

Don't Wait until Thermometer is down to Freezing Point.

BUY NOW AND SAVE MONEY.

FREE DELIGHTFUL LITTLE MINIATURE BLANKETS as PATTERNS of the "Direct from Witney" Blankets of the World-Famous Witney Blanket Co., Ltd., of Witney.

BARGAINS in THROW-OUTS at 25% reduction.

WITNEY BLANKETS are PROTECTED by LAW.

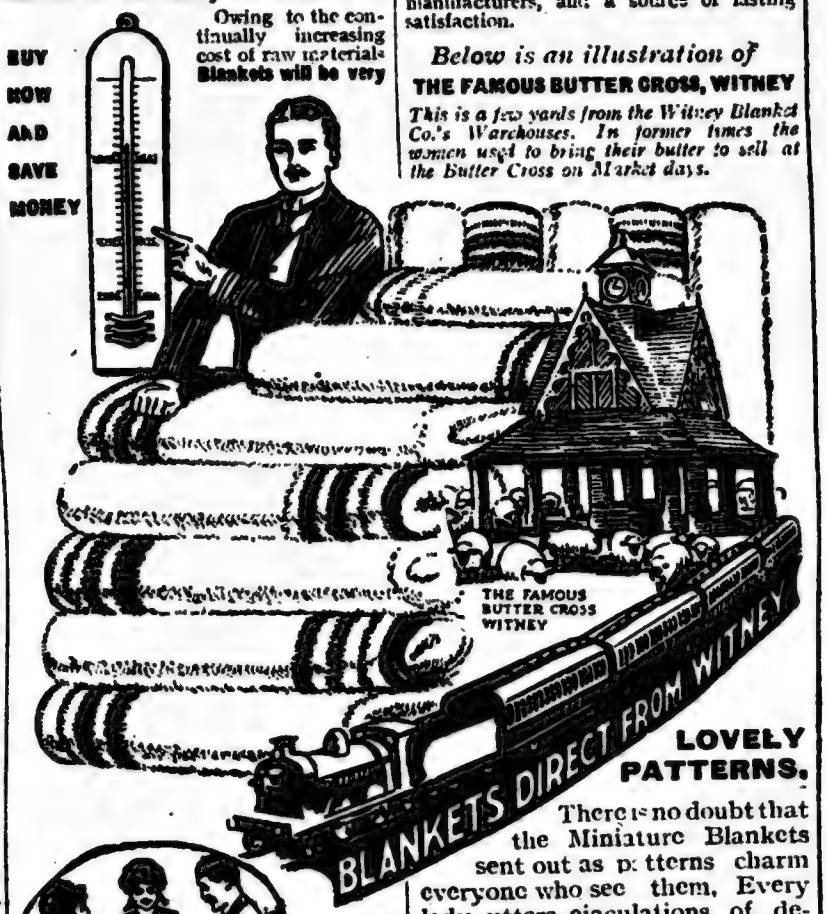
FREE to your home, for you to view and feel, lovely little Miniature Blankets from Witney—world-famous for Blankets for centuries. They are exact samples of the real Witney Blankets direct from Witney, now offered in this Early Autumn Sale.

LOW SALE PRICES.

The Witney Blanket Co., Ltd., Witney, is proverbial for high quality and value, lowest possible prices prevailing, so write now as this opportunity may never occur again.

You will find the Real Witney Blankets sold by The Witney Blanket Co., Ltd., superb blanket value, a credit to British manufacturers, and a source of lasting satisfaction.

Below is an illustration of
THE FAMOUS BUTTER CROSS, WITNEY
This is a few yards from the Witney Blanket Co.'s Warehouses. In former times the women used to bring their butter to sell at the Butter Cross on Market days.



Owing to the continually increasing cost of raw materials **Blankets will be very dear during the coming Winter,** so you should **buy now and save money.**

Thousands of Real Witney Blankets (the World's best) are to be disposed of at big reductions in this Sale. Sent by rail and steamer to all parts.

That World-famous firm, the Witney Blanket Co., Ltd., Witney, have planned and adopted a novel scheme whereby the delightful blanket creations of Witney can be **viewed and felt in your own home free.**

It has been decreed by law that only Blankets made at Witney may be sold as "WITNEY BLANKETS." You are fully protected and sure of getting the right article if you buy direct from The Witney Blanket Co., Ltd., at Witney.

WITNEY BLANKETS ARE PROTECTED BY LAW.

NATURE'S WARMTH, WITNEY WARMTH.

In Witney Blankets there is a surprising softness and fulness. Yet withal there is a delicious lightness, which coincides with Nature's process of light weaving. As a sheep is kept remarkably warm, so **real** "Witney" Blankets have remarkable warmth-giving properties.

LOVELY PATTERNS.

There is no doubt that the Miniature Blankets sent out as patterns charm everyone who see them. Every lady utters ejaculations of delight on inspecting the woolly samples with their pretty borders. They reveal the true "Witney Art," bring an opportunity of UNPRECEDENTED BARGAINS and give

PROFIT AND PLEASURE TO ALL.

FILL IN COUPON

For Miniature Patterns and particulars of
BLANKETS STRAIGHT FROM WITNEY.
To the WITNEY BLANKET CO., LTD.
Butter Cross Works, Witney, Oxfordshire.

Please send me Miniature Blankets as Patterns of Blankets direct from Witney (which I agree to return within FOUR DAYS, the Witney Blanket Co. paying carriage both ways), together with the low prices offered in the Early Autumn Sale. Also send particulars of your **"New Blankets for Old" Cleaning Offer.**

NAME .....

ADDRESS.....

JOHN BULL,
14/10/16.

THE WITNEY BLANKET Co LTD WITNEY

"Don't call me Miss Mortimer—

I'm Mrs. Blake now! Yes. I'm married. We found there was no real reason for waiting. The 'Midland' Ideal Terms enabled us to furnish the loveliest little home you ever saw. We never touched a penny of our capital. We just went to the 'Midland,' picked exactly what we wanted out of the £100,000 worth of splendid furniture, and arranged to pay for it at our own convenience."

Money buys more at the "Midland"

You've only to compare the plainly marked "Midland" prices with what you would be charged elsewhere for furniture of anything like the same quality, to see for yourself that the "Midland" price is the bargain price. And the "Midland" Ideal Terms enable you to pay at your own convenience without paying a penny for interest or any extras whatsoever.

10% Discount for Cash

Write for the "Midland" Book of Furniture

It is the finest and most comprehensive Guide to Furnishing ever published. It contains over 1,000 photographs actually taken inside the "Midland" Salons. A postcard brings it free.

Country Orders

packed free of charge and forwarded carriage paid. Orders by post carefully and personally dealt with by a Special Manager.

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Customers' fares to town paid on all orders of £20 and over.

Beautifully finished Inlaid Mahogany Bedroom Suite in Sheraton style, comprising commodious 4 ft. Wardrobe with large drawer; 3 ft. 6 in. Dressing Chest; 3 ft. 6 in. Washstand with marble top and tiled back; 2 cane-seated Chairs and richly inlaid 4 ft. 6 in. Bedstead. Complete, **25 Guineas**

Free Life, Fire, Zeppelin and Bombardment Insurance.

Ideal Terms
(Town or Country)

Worth	Per Month
£10...	£0 5 6
20...	0 11 0
30...	0 16 6
40...	1 2 0
50...	1 7 6
100...	2 15 0
200...	5 10 0
500...	13 15 0

Larger amounts pro rata.

At the "Midland" customers can obtain free insurance policies whereby all furniture purchased on Ideal Terms becomes the absolute property of the wife, in the event of the death of the purchaser. All furniture thus purchased is also insured against damage by Fire, Zeppelin Bombs, or Hostile Bombardment.

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Furnishing Company, Ltd.,

Contractors to H.M. Crown Agents for the Colonies,

15 to 23, Southampton Row, Holborn, W.C.

Seven doors from Holborn and Holborn Tube Station, 1 minute from British Museum Tube Station.

Hours—9 till 8. Saturdays—9 till 1.

See "John Bull's" Advertisement Guarantee on page ii of cover.

TOMMY'S AND JACK'S PAGE.

A WEEKLY TRIBUNE OF THE SOLDIER AND SAILOR.

OUR PLEDGE:
"No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheeseparing shall go unchallenged and unremedied."
Horatio Bottomley in JOHN BULL, *19th August, 1916.*

Gee-Gee Men Barred.

A War Office letter tells us that Infantry Captains with 15 years' service are to be promoted to the rank of Major. Why leave out the Cavalry, Artillery and Engineers? The Artillery have a particularly strong case, as many of our batteries are commanded by Captains filling the posts of superior officers.

An "Irishman's Rise."

The soldiers in categories B3 and C3 in the 11th Reserve Cavalry Regiment at Tidworth, have been offered their temporary discharge if they undertake to work at Remount Depots for 25s. a week—out of which they must keep and clothe themselves and dependents. We wonder how many men will rush to undertake a job that would mean much less pay than they are receiving, in addition to having their family allowances cut out!

From India.

From Ferozepore, we have a much-signed complaint. A man of the D.C.L.I. was on guard duty, and got permission from the sergeant to leave the guard room and fetch his bed. He got it, but on returning remembered that he had left a shirt behind and sallied back to retrieve it. He was reported by the sergeant and got three days' C.B. Naturally, the private bent back on the sergeant, and reported him for serious breaches of duty—such as not turning out the guard at reveille, allowing men to eat their food on their post, and not visiting sentries every two hours. When the matter went before the Company Commander, the private's report was torn up with the remark, "A pack of rot"!

The Last Rose of Summer.

We often wonder where the military authorities obtain all the old rags, hats and caps that they give to our soldiers when they are leaving the service. The other day a discharged Tommy visited us with fire in his eye. The suit provided to him would not have fetched half-a-crown in Petticoat Lane. Although we have reached the season when we have discarded our straw hats, he was presented with a specimen of that family which must have been worn for at least three seasons by its former owner. It was burnt brown by the sun, the inside was greasy and filthy, and the brim was turned up like the toe of an old boot. As we have so often said, somebody is on the make. Our discarded soldiers should not be sent back to civil life dressed like scarecrows.

The Poor Wounded.

To judge from the numerous complaints reaching us, the Expeditionary Force men sent here from the front, sick or wounded, do not always get the treatment they merit. When some medical authorities learn that a soldier has already seen fighting, he is a marked man. Should his condition be so hopeless that they are afraid, in the face of public opinion, to mark him as fit, he becomes badgered all over the training camps in England—constantly appearing before Medical Boards who will do nothing for him, and being "categoried." The only escape from this treatment lies in the more or less unfit man volunteering for the front again. Our wounded soldiers do not want to be pelted with roses and fed on milk and mush, but they are entitled to better treatment than this.

Comb Them Out!

On the Common at Southampton there is a rest camp that could well be weeded out—the Royal Defence Corps, for one unit, being largely manned by soldiers who are under the age limit and physically fit. Some of the Warrant Officers in the Camp could evidently do with a little more drill. But possibly this is due to the system under which the men are promoted from the ranks.

A Get-Rich-Quick Scheme.

The regimental orders of the Haynes Park Signal Depot R.E., contained the following paragraph the other day:—"NOTICE.—The Messing Caterer will purchase blackberries at the rate of 1d. per lb., to be handed in at his room opposite the Officers' Mess Kitchen at any time up to 7.30 p.m." The retail price of berries in the district is 6d. per lb. Whose money is the Mess Caterer throwing away?

The Hungry Army.

On the morning of September 27th, B Company of the Middlesex Regiment were sent from Shoreham-by-Sea to Watford—each man being given one sandwich, with the information that it constituted his full rations until next day. The company were packed into a large empty house, quite unsuited for the accommodation of 250 men. They have to provide their own candles, and the bed of each man consists of a single blanket. To make matters worse, when the sufferers went to refreshment houses in Watford to purchase food, they were greeted with the remark, "No soldiers served." "It's Tommy this and Tommy that—and chuck him out, the brute!"

Rather Rotten.

At the Convalescent Depot at Ripon are many Expeditionary Force Artillerymen, invalided home from active service and snorting to be in the thick of it again. Very recently two young men were permitted to enlist, and joined the camp. They were at once placed in the Pay Office, receiving money greater than that granted to our heroes. One was appointed to the rank of acting Bombardier the day he enlisted, and six weeks afterwards was made Sergeant. The other was appointed Acting Bombardier, although he was a mere civilian. Naturally, there is great soreness among the good fellows in the depot who have risked their lives for us, and we cannot congratulate the Commandant on his choice of pets for promotion.

From Milford Haven.

The Milford Haven men—small craft chaps—complain about their treatment. If things as represented to us are not remedied, we shall have to write in very plain language. We commend the matter to the Commander.

Taking the Girls Out.

The small boat naval men, as we have pointed out, sometimes have a good time and give good times to pals. There are chaps who use the Government boats like the old *Skylark*, but without fares. When their female friends visit them, they are taken for a run, and good luck to them! The pluckier girls are taken out here and there on our water-planes. We do not object, but we despondently think about our short petrol supply.

Robbing the Bluejacket.

Here is a cry from a sailor: He was seized with dysentery at the Dardanelles, and was afterwards sent home suffering from jaundice and an abscess on the liver. He was treated in the Royal Infirmary, Liverpool, during which time he was stopped tenpence a day, for the first four weeks. After ninety days his pay ceased altogether. We send healthy men out to do our work, and when the willing fellows become invalided on our behalf we rook and rob them! Would to heaven that we had an Employers' Liability Act in connection with the Army and Navy!

Cruel!

The wives of our wounded men are human, and when they hear that their husbands are at home in hospital they naturally desire to see them at the earliest possible moment. Our Hospital Commandants are sometimes lacking in feeling and consideration. Regulations are regulations, and, of course, must be obeyed: but we ask why, when the wife of a wounded man pays her way to Portsmouth to see her husband, she should be shown the door, told to wait for the visiting day, and find the money to remain for days in lodgings before seeing her hero? This is the way of some Hospital Commandants, but it is not the way of King George himself. Kindness, courtesy and extreme sympathy are supposed to be attributes of our hospital authorities, but from our experience in regard to some of them we must accuse them of want of sympathy.

A Matter of Justice.

We want to know when the wife of a sailor will be granted increased allowance to make her equal in this respect to the wife of a soldier. Mrs. Jack is also asking the question.

MISSING MEN.

We would welcome news of the following:

Lt. Hugh Montgomery, Irish Guards; Pte. W. Windle, South Wales Borderers; Rfn. J. Heoner, 4378, C Co., 12th London Regt.; Pte. V. R. Witts, 2706, South Staffords; Pte. V. Harrison, 5750, Lancs. Fusrs.; Sergt. J. E. Hartley, 3-4338, Hampshire Regt.; Gr. T. J. Harrison, 62739, R.F.A. (12th Battery); L.-Cpl. A. P. Self, 12410, B Coy., Suffolks; Pte. W. Kinwig, 19817, B Co., Royal Scots; Pte. D. Davies, 38384, B Co., Welsh Regt.; Pte. R. F. Barrett, 8721, East Surreys; L.-Sgt. F. Q. Bye, 12586, B. Co., Royal Berks.; Pte. W. H. Larking, 8103, B Coy., Middlesex; Pte. Geo. Myers, 20451, 20th Coy., A.S.C.; Pte. W. Hodgson, 17658, C Coy., No. 2 Section, East Yorks; Rfn. A. Norton, 2384, C Coy., Queen's Westminster Rifles; Cpl. W. F. Angus, A.I.F.; Pte. F. Halliwell, 4979, Lancs. Fusrs.; Pte. E. Measham, 7624, Manchesters; Capt. J. N. Hawkins, Manchesters; Pte. R. Anderson, 7296, D Coy., 3rd South African Infantry; Pte. J. Kelly, 17832, A Coy., K.O.S.B.; Pte. J. Collins, 2341, D Coy., Royal Fusrs.; Pte. W. H. Parker, 15330, Royal Scots Fusrs.; Pte. R. J. Bardell, 3935, R.F., Sports Batt., att. to D Coy., 8th Gloucesters; Pte. S. Hawes, 13595, D Coy., Middlesex; L.-Cpl. D. W. Jones, 6849, 1st East Yorks.; Pte. D. Rae, 10269, Seaforth Hlrs.; Sergt. J. Ainsworth, 6174, B Coy., East Lancs.; Pte. Collins Dale, 3091, 2nd Regt., B Coy., South African Infantry; Pte. F. G. Maggs, 5566, Royal Berks.; Pte. H. T. Hawkins, 35044, D. Coy., Welsh Regt.; Sergt. R. Gould, 7328, Royal West Kents; Pte. H. T. Chasman, 24507, Northampton Regt.; Pte. J. Dunne, 18106, Royal Dublin Fusrs.; Pte. W. Bell, 22025, King's Liverpool Regt.; Pte S. G. Boyce, 26140, 10th Gloucesters; Sergt. K. Stallard, 10457, Manchester Regt.; Pte. F. Frost, 2248, D Coy., 5th Notts. and Derbys.; Pte. D. Alderthay, 12371, B Coy., West Yorks.; Pte. R. McLaren, 3962, 4 Coy., Post Office Rifles; Rfn. L. Fairclough, 2714, Queen's Westminsters.

A REMARKABLE HAIR GROWER.

Considering the countless hair tonics and washes which are offered to the public, it is interesting to learn that chemists everywhere are selling a tonic of such remarkable value as a hair grower and destroyer of the dandruff germ that they are authorised by the proprietors to return the money to any purchaser who is dissatisfied with the results after the use of a full bottle. This new tonic is called "Lavona Hair Tonic," and our readers will readily understand the secret of its success when they learn that it is made from the world-famous formula of 3 oz. Bay Rum, 1 oz. Lavona de Composee, and ½ dram Menthol Crystals. If you suffer from falling hair, baldness, dandruff, an itching scalp, dry, brittle, or dull hair, you should at once purchase a bottle from your nearest chemist, a man whom you personally know, and whom you can trust to live up to his guarantee without question. The price is 2s. 11d. for a large bottle, *and he will give you a signed guarantee to refund your money if you are dissatisfied.*—[ADVT.]

CRAYOL CIGARETTE CARTOON—No. 7.

ALWAYS CRAYOL.

You may tramp the streets of every town;
Turn each tobacco-shop upside down;
Though you read the "ads." on every hand,
And sample every kind of brand;
You may scour the country, but in the end
You will always return to the same old blend.

CRAYOL
VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

The time to smoke CRAYOLS? Now—and always. The word that describes them? *Fine.* The price that buys them? 7½d. for a box of 20. The men who smoke 'em? Those who know good value when they meet it.

IN BOXES,
20 for 7½d.
Also in Packets, 10 for 4d.

P.C.7—7

Billiards in your own home

YOU WILL BE DELIGHTED with a Riley Billiard Table in the home No matter how small your room is, there is a Riley Table to fit it. Riley's Miniature Billiard Tables give a perfect game, so truly are they proportioned. **Seven Days' Free Trial.** Prices from £3 15s. The 6ft. 4in. also at £5 15s. cash or 15 monthly payments of 8s. 6d. is suitable for most rooms. Riley's "Combine" Billiard and Dining Tables from £13 10s. cash or in 12 or 18 monthly payments. These prices include all accessories & carriage to any address within 1 mile of railway station.
Illustrated Catalogue Free.
E. J. RILEY, LTD., Manor Works, Accrington
London Showrooms: 147, *Aldersgate St., E.C.*

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

IMMEDIATE HELP FOR DEPENDENTS OF OUR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

The object of our present Fund is to afford immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors now fighting for their country, and who, owing to invidious inquiries and red-tape officialism, are stranded for want of money. We do not trouble ourselves about marriage or birth certificates, or clergymen's references, or anything of that kind; but whenever we find the dependent of a soldier or sailor in distress and unable to procure assistance from official funds, we at once do what is in our power—giving anything from 10s. to £5, according to the circumstances of each case. We also, in exceptional instances, make grants to civilians suffering from the effects of the war. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses. We give below a synopsis of a few typical cases relieved during the past week.

An interesting old soldier came to Long Acre. He passed through the Crimean and other campaigns, and is now 76. He has five sons in France, four of them married, and his total weekly income is the old age pension and an allotment of 3s. 6d. from his unmarried son. The ancient warrior has suffered from an illness that left him weak—we, therefore, put him on our list.

A pension of 4s. 8d. a week is scandalous when given to a disabled man with a wife and six children.

A poor fellow, completely broken down and unable to undertake even light work, is so situated. We are helping to keep him and his family out of the workhouse.

A second ex-soldier has a similar pension. His wife is dying of consumption; he is unable to follow his old employment and seeks lighter work daily at the Labour Exchange without result. We have assisted in this case, too.

A soldier met with an accident through a heavy weight falling upon him, and after he had been patched up in a military hospital was discharged from the Army without any pension. Since he became a civilian again, he has had to undergo one operation, and is preparing for another. He cannot work, and has an ailing wife and child. He knows now that our Fund is more generous than the immensely wealthy British Treasury.

Another soldier was starving in the London streets, without even the rent of a Rowton House cubicle in his pocket. We have provided for him for some time.

During the week several wives of Service men presented the State with little strangers, and as they had only the maternity allowance in their time of stress they were naturally in want. We took steps to make things comfortable for them, and to relieve the anxieties of the happy fathers at the Front. It was also our sad duty to help to bury the dead in three cases, in one of which the whole family had fallen into the clutches of dread diphtheria.

A pensionless man was discharged on account of ill-health. He is not in a physical condition to accept employment, and his only asset was an Army character of the highest class, until we supplemented it financially.

A Cavalryman, since he was mobilised, has lost his two children, and further distress fell upon his family last week. He was at his wits' end to obtain help until he remembered the paper that Tommy calls "The Soldier's Bible."

Yet another man has been turned into a physical wreck during training and discharged, unable to work. Being on Home Service, he was refused a pension and was destitute when he paid us a visit. His military discharge was endorsed with the remark that he was a keen soldier, sober, thoroughly honest, and always up to his duties. We immediately gave him a helping hand.

The wife of one of our defenders has two children, both of them down with diphtheria, and, of course, in the doctor's care. The woman's separation allowance was sufficient to keep the little family in house and food until the hand of disease was laid on them. We gave them relief in their emergency.

A man received his fifth wound and was sent to a London hospital, from which he was discharged on the eve of his wife's confinement. He wrote to his Paymaster for a portion of the money due to him, but got no reply—the blame, however, must be laid upon the regimental authorities and not the Paymaster. We acted promptly.

Discharged last March with chronic rheumatism, an ex-Fusilier has been able to do only three weeks' work since he was sent home, and with his wife, little boy, and consumptive young daughter, he is living on 10s. a week, the panel allowance. Very naturally the family was in a state of destitution, as so small an amount does not go far towards rent, food, fire and clothing. We sent immediate relief.

WAR RELIEF FUND SUBSCRIPTIONS.

WON'T *You* HELP?

Mrs. H. (Reigate), 5s.; H.M. Grenadier Guards Band (per F. G.), £1 10s.; Anon., 1s.; F. T. (Chesterfield), 1s. 6d.; L. C. G. (Westcliff), 1s.; "South African Railway Guard," 5s.; "Kat's Eye," 2s.; Anon., 2s. 6d.; L. A. M. (Catford), 10s.; H. G. J. (Portsmouth), 2s.; B. H. (Llandudno), 1s. 6d.; Mrs. H. (Hastings), 9d.; G. W. H., 2s. 7d.; "Book Prize" (Stirling), 1s.; W. H. S., 6d.; M. H. (Manchester), 6d.; "Suwa Maru," 5s.; R. F., 2s.; T. J. (Chester), 1s.; D. S. (Devonport), 2s.; T. G. B. (Watford), 2s.; R. S., 1s.; "Gunner, R.G.A.," 1s.; B. P. (Colwyn Bay), 2s.; M. D. (Kelso), 2s. 6d.; "A Harrogate Reader," 3s. 6d.; "Old William," 1s.; G. McL., 1s.; E. V. A., 2s.; "Monifietti," 9d.; P. H. T., 1s.; R. S. B., 5s.; "Collection, Ship Fitting Shop, H.M. Dockyard, Devonport" (2nd donation), 23s.; "Horace and Ada," 2s.; H. E. B. (Philadelphia), £1; "One of Four," 5s.; S. F. S., 1s.; E. H. (Paignton), 1s.; "In Memory of Bruce," 2s. 6d.; A. N. (Westend), 1s.; "Chatham Dockyardman," 2s.; "A Friendly Critic," 1s.; "Clauciss" (Willesden), 7d.; M. A. B. C., 7s. 6d.; "Admirer," 1s.; "Crew of s.s. *Saxol* (per H. C. B.)," £6; G. H. M. (Wem), 10s. 6d.; "Ivy Mary," 3s.; J. M. B. (Hants), 2s. 6d.; Mrs. F. S. (Forest Gate), 2s.; W. R. C. (Bury St. Edmunds), 1s.; "A Little Helper," 1s. 3d.; "Weekly Collection O.P.S. (Woolwich Arsenal)," 6s. 9d.; L. G. (Westcliff), 1s.; G. R. R. (Liverpool), 1s.; Mrs. A. G. M., 1s. 6d.; "Little Johnnie," 8s.; M. P. (Newton Stewart), 1s. 6d.; "Arrow," £2 2s.; "A Regular Reader" (East Ham), 5s.; R. V. G. (Sierra Leone), 28s. 4d.; E. F., 1s.; "34185's Girl," 1s.; H. H. B., £1 1s.; "Justice," 1s.; "Musie," 2s.; J. R. H. (Bentley), 2s. 6d.; "A Patriot" (Newcastle), 3s. Mrs. J. Robertson, the winner of the first prize in our 206th "Bullets" Competition, has kindly sent us £5.

COLLECTING BOXES.

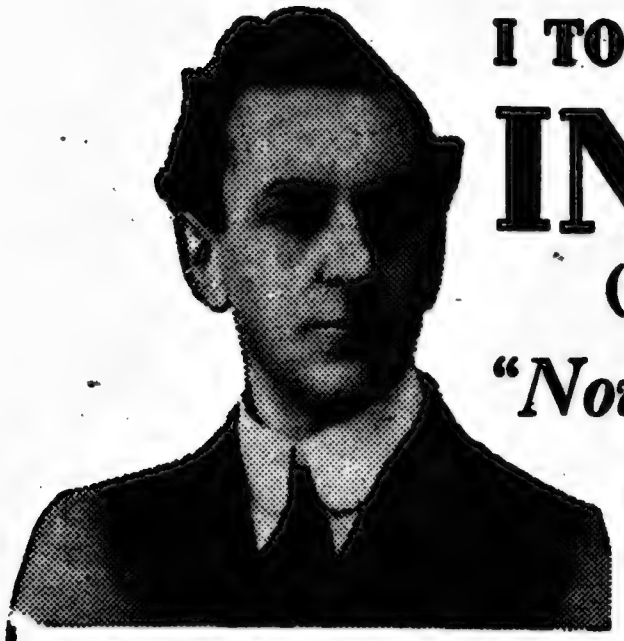
BRAMSHOTT.—Mr. J. M. Balfry, Bramshott Camp, 6s. 6d.

SHEFFIELD.—Mr. H. Athorn, Hairdresser, Broad Street, Park, 2s. 11d.

CROYDON.—Mr. Heath, 19, Church Street, 5s.

SUTTON.—Mr. Boundry, "The Victory," William Road, 18s. 1½d.

LONDON.—Mr. I. Henriques, "Clarendon," Mildmay Park, 8s.; Mr. G. Layton, "The Edinburgh," Newington Green Road, 7s.; Mr. L. Hyman, 107, Virginia Road, Bethnal Green, 2s. 7d.; Mr. J. Hume, "Dalby Tavern," Dalby Street, Kentish Town, 2s. 8d.; Mr. H. Ault, 7, Albany Street, Camberwell, 2s. 9½d.; Mr. E. J. Oliver, "Archduke Charles," Rodney Road, Walworth, 3s. 3d.; Mrs. Lyon, "King's Arms," 40, Old Kent Road, 3s. 6½d.

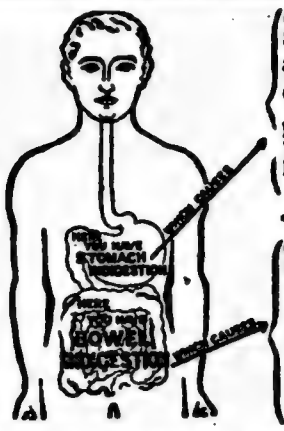


I TOOK CICFA—the ONLY CURE for INDIGESTION (in STOMACH & BOWEL).

"Now I eat whatever I desire." "I wish all Indigestion Sufferers to know that every word I say is true."

READ THE EXPLANATION.—If you are suffering from Indigestion, whatever the cause may be, you are likely to think that a remedy which cures others may not suit your case, because you think yours is different, and your symptoms may be different; but the root causes of all cases of uncomplicated Indigestion are always the same, that is, there is not enough of the Digestive Ferments which Nature must have to digest the Albuminous food in the Stomach and also to digest the Starchy food in the Bowel.

Without these Digestive Ferments, one person will suffer with Heartburn, Wind and Gas-Rising, White-coated Tongue, Sharp Headache, Blotched Complexion, Red Nose, Flushed Face, etc., while another will suffer from Flatulence, Bilious symptoms, caused by obstructed Bile Circulation, Acidity with teeth on edge, and attacks of Gout and Rheumatism, and Constipation with all the misery which it causes; but, whether you have some or all of these symptoms, YOU CAN BE PERFECTLY CURED ONLY BY A REMEDY WHICH CONTAINS NATURE'S DIGESTIVE FERMENTS.



GASES in Stomach or Eructations.
Sharp Neuralgic HEADACHES.
ACID in Stomach with Heartburn.
TONGUE coated white all over.
COMPLEXION blotchy, with Redness of Nose, Spots and Pimples.
EATING not desired.
Vomiting occasionally.
PAINS darting through Chest and Burning Spot between Shoulder Blades.

GASES in Bowel or Flatulence.
Dull, Heavy HEADACHES.
ACID in the Blood, causing (a) Teeth on Edge, (b) Gout, (c) Rheumatism.
TONGUE coated yellow at back.
COMPLEXION muddy or pasty.
EATING disliked or loathed.
Biliousness and bad taste in mouth.
Pains in Bowel, Griping and Constipation with all its misery.

Without those ferments you may "happen" to get well, but with them you cannot fail to be cured, and THOSE FERMENTS ARE FOUND ONLY IN CICFA.

Mr. David realises these facts, and, having known the sufferings from Indigestion, and the joy of health, with the pleasure of eating what he pleases, he wishes all sufferers to know that Cicfa cured him, and that his words are true.

NOW READ MR. DAVID'S WORDS:

Dear Sirs,—Some time ago I wrote to you for a sample of your indigestion cure, Cicfa. The sample gave me such instant relief that I continued by purchasing the small tubes. I had been suffering from Indigestion for about 2½ years, and had tried several other remedies, but I found them all failures. Then I took Cicfa, and found it necessary to take only three or four tubes, and I was and am now able to eat whatever I desire. I think honestly that Cicfa is a most wonderful cure and deserves the highest praise. I always strongly recommend it to any of my friends that I find are afflicted with Indigestion. I really cannot find words to express my gratitude nor my pleasure at having found a remedy which really cures Indigestion as Cicfa has cured mine. I only hope that if you publish this letter those sufferers from Indigestion who read it will believe that every word I say is true, and will immediately take Cicfa, the only certain cure. Thanking you for my present health and for being able to enjoy life again.—Yours truly,
F. L. DAVID.

Cicfa has been taken up by over 11,000 British doctors, many of whom have written us of the splendid results produced by taking it themselves and giving it to patients.

IN WAR TIME your mind affects your Digestion more than you realise. You know how worry often affects the Stomach, indeed, the whole alimentary tract. Nausea and even vomiting often result from anxiety. If you are worried at present (who is not worried?) your digestion is weakened, while, on the other hand, your ability to resist worry is lessened through weak digestion. Keep your digestion perfect, not by taking Purgatives, which upset it, not by Dieting, with consequent Starvation, which increases the Indigestion, but by eating liberally and regularly and taking Cicfa to perfect digestion, because Cicfa alone contains those natural Digestive Ferments which, when present in sufficient quantity, and in absolute purity, make Indigestion impossible and make Digestion perfect and certain.

Instead of taking Soda, Magnesia, or other alkalis to neutralise Uric Acid in the blood for the cure of Rheumatism, Gout, &c., you should prevent the formation of the Uric Acid by ensuring complete digestion of the food, followed by complete oxidation and assimilation, for in that way you prevent the formation of excessive Uric Acid, which so often causes Rheumatism, Gout, &c.; Cicfa ensures such complete digestion of the food. That is why so many persons are surprised to find that when Cicfa cures their Indigestion their Rheumatism also has gone.

Get Cicfa from your chemist or post free from us.

PRICES 1/3 & 3/-, or TEST IT

ABSOLUTELY FREE

Send your Name and Address and one penny stamp for postage, with this coupon, and receive a liberal sample of this wonderful CICFA. Only one sample to each family No person given a second sample.

CURES INDIGESTION CONSTIPATION FLATULENCE DIDITY CICFA

The CICFA Coy., 8a, Duke St., Manchester Sq., London, W.

"John Bull," 14/10/16.

A Wireless Message to Parents

Of youths over 15 and under 18.

The N.B. Wireless Schools rapidly qualify boys for fine posts in the Wireless Service. As Wireless Officers youths get pay which is more than self-supporting right from the start. Prospects are good, promotion is rapid, and big money can be earned at an early age.

Rapid Training by Post.

Our system of teaching Wireless by post has helped hundreds of youths to pass the Postmaster-General's examination, which qualifies them to act as Wireless Operators. When our students have passed we assist them into good berths.

If your boy is 15 and under 18 and can read, write and do simple arithmetic he is eligible for training. Send for the **FREE BOOK** shown here, which gives full particulars.

N.B. WIRELESS SCHOOLS, LTD.,
141, Bath Street, Glasgow.
48, George Square, Edinburgh.
Melville House, Dundee.

GET YOUR LINO

CATESBYS are the originators of Cork Lino, and as your good money might as well get the original Lino while you are buying a floor covering, write for patterns and prices of Catesbys Cork Lino before you place your order anywhere. Write to CATESBYS, LTD (Dept. 19), Tottenham Court Road London W.

FROM 'LINOLAND'

Fight the Germs

that **poison** and **impoverish** the **blood** and cause disease. **TUMOURS, ABSCESSES, ULCERS, TUBERCULOSIS,** and **INTERNAL GROWTHS** do not attack suddenly. Their forerunners: DEPRESSION, HEADACHE, BILIOUSNESS, INDIGESTION, SLEEPLESSNESS, warn you that disease has pierced the defences of health, and will enslave the body unless you destroy the disease.

VITADATIO DESTROYS DISEASE

by removing the **cause.** It cleanses the system, restores health and vitality in the most serious and long-standing diseases when other treatments fail.

Sold by Boots Cash Chemists, and Taylor's Drug Stores, or post free at 1s. 3d., 2s. 6d., and 5s. per bottle. Send postcard for **FREE TRIAL BOTTLE** and testimonials to Vitadatio, Ltd (Dept. J. B.), Park Square, Leeds.

Vitadatio
THE MEDICINE THAT CURES

HORLICKS Malted Milk
COCOA Sustaining and Healthful
Also HORLICKS M.M. packet Chocolate of all Chemists and Grocers
Watford

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when forwarding cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., as, though every effort is made for their safe custody, they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only of such documents should be forwarded in the first instance.

LETTERS must be addressed to the Editor or the Publishers, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters. FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, LEGAL and SPORTING inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, Legal or Sporting Editor, and, except in the case of the last-named, must each be accompanied by a postal order for a shilling. All communications should be directed to 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

"GUNNER" (8th G.M.Q., France) would like to know our age, whether we have been exempted, and why we are not commanding troops on the field of battle? If we told him our weight under the waistcoat he would not ask the other questions.

"THE MAN-IN-THE-STREET."—"Get Asquith to work or get him out." But you surely would not rob the modern Atlas of his "accustomed week-end in the country"?

Miss F. (Donnybrook).—"If the Government knew how little respect they are held in here, it might surprise them." As well try to convince a moulting peacock of the shabbiness of its tail.

H. B. (St. James's).—You and all the other Britishers were kept back from viewing the wrecked Zepp. in Essex, "but the Kaiser's cousin was there examining everything"! We can only hope he felt pleased. Who *was* he, by the way?

"WOMAN AND LADY" (London) says, "I do ask you to join with us in this purity crusade." She probably mistakes us for Stiggins.

W. R. (Surrey).—When you were rendered homeless by a Zepp. raid, a policeman reminded you that "there was the workhouse," which you thought "very, very hard." So it was, and—in another sense—very, very soft. Had you been insured under our Free Scheme there would have been no need for you to appeal to the public authorities for aid.

E. W. (Aberdeen).—"These conscientious objectors come mostly from the better class." You probably mean from the "richer" class, which is not quite the same thing.

"WARRANT RANK" (Bradford).—We notice that applications from naturalised Germhuns for membership of the Bradford City Volunteer Force are to be decided "on their merits." Our own view would be that such applications could have no possible merits at all.

H. C. (from Hotel Cecil).—Glad to hear that you and your two other Italian comrades, who have gone to the "zona di guerra," are so appreciative of this journal. We shall be only too pleased to "send a few copies," as requested, upon your forwarding full address. Good luck!

"FONTENOY" (Bedford).—If you were to follow the example of those you mention, and go to live in "a more freer land," Ireland would be no whit the worse. Your letter is a sloppy splash of green bile.

A. M. (Wandsworth).—Naturally, Ramsay von Macdonald and his friends do not like JOHN BULL. We have kicked them too hard and too often.

J. T. W. (Prestwich).—Unfortunately we cannot prevent Germhun Consuls, representing neutral countries, from passing freely between the country they represent and our own. No doubt information does get into Germhuny from such sources.

T. J. (Drogheda).—We do not know the length of the Zepp. brought down at Cuffley. By the time it got down, it was too late to measure it.

"A RECRUIT" (Norfolk).—"There are many lads, strong, healthy, and active of 17—I am one myself—who would willingly take the uniform rather than raise the age limit." So young England is all right. Good lad!

H. W. K. (Norwich) and OTHERS.—The Kaiser's future fate is duly covered by the object of the No Peace League.

E. A. P. J. (Brighton).—No doubt the sight of our wounded is distressing, but you surely would not shut the poor chaps away? To get about a bit is their only pleasure, and one they have well earned.

"A SOLDIER'S WIFE" (Horley).—We have several times criticised the rule, which seems to be official, forbidding the employment of married women in munition factories. It seems monstrously unjust, especially to soldiers' wives who are young and strong.

"HAILSHAM DICKER" (London).—It would not surprise us a bit if the lamp held on high by the statue of Liberty at the entrance to New York harbour were replaced by a huge gold dollar.

"GROUP 40" (Brixton).—A terrible contrast! A woman at Tottenham Police Court who said her Army allowance was £4 a week; a discharged and permanently disabled soldier at Willesden who got nothing, but was told he owed 14s. 2d.!

"FAIR PLAY."—Porthcawl Council, asked to find work for Conscientious Objects in the sanitary department, rightly decided that men who cannot fight Germhuns cannot fight germs.

J. N. (Dumfries).—We are not a bit above accepting advice from "an auld farmer of 82," especially when it is so kindly tendered. Guid luck to ye, old friend, and may we benefit by your counsel!

"A DOCKER" (Tilbury) writes:—"It is time some one came here to see the fine young fellows who have come into this Dock this last 12 months, and who should be at the Front, to give the old men a chance to get a job." We second the proposition.

BEN. B. (Whitechapel).—Have not the slightest doubt that the war has made life for many a man a better thing to live, and death a grander thing to die.

"IRISH VOLUNTEER" (Cork).—The answer to your diatribe is that the Sinn Feiners were on sale to the Kaiser—and were sold.

"SCHOOLMASTER" (Brighton).—How *were* we to know that the joke in question had already appeared in *London Opinion*? How could *anyone* know it?

MRS. G. N. (Portsmouth).—Poem commences: "The Editor sat in his office chair, Surrounded by his priceless gems." The staff are awfully pleased with that pretty allusion to them.

R. H. (Clapton).—We cannot judge. The military authorities have decided, apparently on adequate evidence, that it was Lieut. Robinson who brought down the Zepp., not a shell from a fixed gun, and there we must leave it.

A. S. (Fulham).—What is not exaggeration is bunkum. We do not believe Prohibition would shorten the war by the 1,000th part of a tick-tack, or we would gladly vote for it.

"Cig. Spoof."—Please call at Long Acre and see cigarettes made by a member of the staff with the machine. But don't forget the 10s. offer to our War Fund.

"A Soldier's Wife."—High prices are terribly hard on you and your five little ones, including the baby whom "daddy has not seen because he is doing his bit in France." But you are as plucky as your hubby. May he soon return to you.

Pte. H. J. L. (Leeds).—Fifty of you from hospital, after a fine tea by kind invitation, joined in singing "Mr. Bottomley, John Bull!"—just "to show you all remember us out of the trenches as well as in." And may we never forget you!

"A Reader" (Acton).—Able-bodied monks in monasteries are presumably exempt. Let us hope they are but few.

C. B. T. (Annan) wishes us to let the writer of our recent article, "Why I Wish the War were Finished," know that it was much appreciated. And so are all our articles.

"Observer" (Haslar).—You tell us that the medal which "Aggie" Weston presents to teetotal sailors is "a tin, lead, pewter or putty affair." It's evident you haven't handled one, sonny, or you'd be less doubtful of its composition.

W. B. (Calcutta).—"Shall be glad if my name can be left out." Certainly—sorry we've had to leave all the rest out, too.

M. C. S. (Southall).—"Do put in a word on behalf of commonsense." On an average we put in about twenty thousand such words a week.

J. I. (Bayswater).—The policeman who pretended to be ill, for the purpose of trapping the landlady of an hotel into the illegal supply of liquor, would be a disgrace to any other Force than the Manchester City Police.

J. C. (Philadelphia).—"Wishing your dear journal all the success it deserves." In the sense you mean, there is nothing "dearer" at the price, and our lady readers sometimes describe us in even more dulcet terms.

S. W. M. (Axminster).—We have already complained of the severity of that sentence for "circulating indecent matter." Has none of the Axminster Justices, we wonder, ever enjoyed a snack of Rabelaisian humour?

J. W. K. (Maidstone) compiains that a local employer told the Hitchin Tribunal, in asking exemption for one of his servants, that "we have tried to replace men, but nothing is left except the scum of the earth." An objectionable remark, to say the least.

"Adam's Son" (Bolton).—No wonder "the young man fell" if, while in the railway carriage, he "glanced shyly over the top of the book he was reading at the pretty young lady." Have heard of those shy young men before.

A. E. W. (Ilford).—Many complaints received about the methods of West and Co., Music Publishers, Rathbone Place, W., following our recent paragraph. You are wise in keeping your money in your pocket.

"Loyal Irishwoman" (Derwent).—You twist our words. We did not speak of "the flagrant disloyalty of Ireland." What we said was, "Why should Ireland be the only part of the Kingdom where flagrant disloyalty is allowed to be openly organised with impunity?" As a matter of fact, we are very fond of Ireland.

A. P. (Blackpool).—The result of our record £1,000 "Bullets" prize will be published in our issue dated October 28th.

F. E. (London, N.W.)—There is no necessity whatever for you—a domestic servant, 19 years of age—to complete the contract you have entered into with Thorne and Co., for the purchase of a family Bible; nor need you pay 2s. 6d. per month for the hire of it, although they offer to take it back on this condition. Good luck to your boy at the front!

C. R. J. (Chesham Bois).—Only fools would jeer at rejected elderly men who turn themselves into volunteers for home defence. But that is no excuse for such poetry as yours. Do desist.

Miss A. J. B. (Hove).—Sorry to hear that in complaining of your lights the Special Constable was "orally violent," but it does not follow that he was "a miserable cad." He was probably standing on his dignity, and a little pinched for room.

Mrs. A. B. P. (Kelso).—We cannot believe that a little icecream on Sundays can sap the foundations of morality and lay waste the gardens of the soul.

"Sarah" (London, N.)—The planchette board "on which spirits come and speak to us," told you Horatio was a great man, did it? First time we've ever believed in a planchette board.

Eva D.—"Every night Oct. 20th is ringing in my dreams. I also saw my sister coming out of the Garden of Eden. I can't sleep. Oh, the feeling!" If it is as bad as that, Eva, you must stop those cheese suppers. Or is something worrying you, dear girl?

M. S. G. (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—Your poetry is so bad that other verses wouldn't stay in the waste-paper basket with it.

C. E. M. (Waltham Cross).—Dr. John Bull (1563-1626), organist to James I., was, of course, a relation of ours. All the British Bulls are relations of ours.

Messrs. James Henderson and Sons, Ltd. (Red Lion House, E.C.), write that the postcards "printed in Saxony" and issued by their firm, which were included in the packets of stationery sold to our soldiers at the front, were not sent out by them. They are surprised that there should be any unsold copies, seeing that they were issued as long ago as July, 1912. "All's well," therefore, so far as Messrs. Henderson are concerned.

"Justus-ante-Generosus."—You enclose a widow's "mite" towards our "Greatest of These—" Fund, and remembering how these little sums mount up, we see no reason to alter your spelling.

F. E. J. (Harlesden).—Your brother, having lost a limb in the war, went to buy shoes, and told the man he had an artificial leg. Whereupon the man enquired doubtfully, "Have you got an artificial foot as well?" No wonder your gallant brother was amused.

J. A. A. (Bethnal Green).—Ex-prisoner from Ruhleben, and wanting fresh air, you offered to work free on a farm during your holidays. After spending 2s. 6d. postage to War Agricultural Committees, etc., you got a reply from *one* farmer—when your holidays were over!

"United Planters" (Bangalore). —"Is there any difference between a German spy and a German gentleman?" Yes, certainly. One is widely extant and the other wholly extinct. Next riddle, please!

E. J. T. (Beverley).—The latest type of Zeppelin is said to be about as long as St. James's Street, Piccadilly. But we have succeeded in shortening a fair number of them of late.

"A Carlisle Reader."—"Is not this the limit?" It is the uttermost extension of the outside edge.

(A number of replies are unavoidably held over.)

ENGLISH FOR THE ENGLISH.

AN ILLUSTRATED WORD GUIDE.

THE "JOHN BULL" DICTIONARY.

Is there a man (or a woman) anywhere who can lay hand on his (or her) heart and say that he (or she) is so well up in the details of orthography that a dictionary is a superfluous article? We have never yet met a man (or a woman) who was really and truly independent of the dictionary.

It is an incontrovertible fact that every resident in England, be he Englishman or friendly alien, is dependent on a dictionary every day of his life. That being so, it will be a matter of considerable importance to everyone, and a scheme has been devised by John Bull whereby all who use the pen or think, or take a pride in their speech, may become possessed of a really fine illustrated dictionary at an exceedingly small cost.

£1 BOOK FOR 5s.

The scheme will be set forth next week. It will be seen that this Dictionary is obtainable for the sum of 5s. if called for at our office, or 5s. 6d. by post. (6s. abroad.)

This brand new Edition, printed and bound expressly for John Bull, is an ideal volume of its kind. Should anyone think the praise too glowing, let him call at our Dictionary Department, 11 and 13, Southampton Row, London, and examine a copy. There is no doubt as to what his verdict will be.

THERE IS THIS POINT TO BE REMEMBERED—IT IS SOMETHING MORE THAN A 5s. DICTIONARY. AS A MATTER OF FACT, IT IS A £1 DICTIONARY, BUT CIRCUMSTANCES HAVE MADE IT POSSIBLE THAT BY WHOLESALE DISTRIBUTION IT CAN BE SUPPLIED AT A QUARTER OF THE ORIGINAL SUM, IN SPITE OF THE SHORTAGE OF PAPER AND THE INCREASED COST OF PRODUCTION OF BOOKS OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS.

Some of the Contributors.

Scholars and authorities of the eminence of Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, who is "Q," the famous novelist, and is also King Edward VII. Professor of English Literature in the University of Cambridge, have had a share in the making of the volume. Others are:—

Sir James Yoxall, M.P., author and educationist.

Dr. Israel Gollancz, the most brilliant student of the late Professor Skeat, and Secretary of the British Academy.

Sir Robert Baden-Powell, one of the most versatile men of the day.

Professor Saintsbury, of the Edinburgh University, the greatest living authority on English Literature.

Lord Hawke, whose name shines in the annals of Yorkshire sportsmanship, contributes a glossary of terms used in cricket.

Flight-Commander Grahame-White, who explains the terms used in aviation.

Mr. Walter Staner, editor of the *Autocar*, who writes on motoring.

Mr. James Braid, who five times won the open championship, and who deals with golf.

Mr. J. E. Raphael, the Oxford "Blue," and English International; and

Mr. W. L. Timmis, of the Corinthians, who treats of football.

The John Bull Illustrated Dictionary is in itself a whole library and university. In every possible sense, knowledge is power. It is imperative that the schoolboy should have the latest and best dictionary before him for constant reference; that the clerk who aspires to being a business man should find in it a path by which to ascend to better remuneration and better prospects; and that every man and woman who speaks "the sweet English tongue" should have the opportunity of possessing a book which equips and empowers in every capacity.

IN A WORD, THE "JOHN BULL" ILLUSTRATED DICTIONARY IS AN IMMENSE EDUCATIONAL INFLUENCE. AS READERS WILL REALISE ON MAKING ITS ACQUAINTANCE.

"BULLETS" BRIGHTEN DULL EVENINGS!

2nd PRIZE £25

FIRST PRIZE £250

3rd PRIZE £10

10 PRIZES OF £5

25 PRIZES OF 10/-

1,000 PRIZES OF 2/6

2,000 SPECIAL 'TARGET' PRIZES

2,000 OTHER HANDSOME PRIZES

10 PRIZES OF £2:10

☞ **A further Coupon for this week's Competition will be found on the opposite page.**

No. Closing Date, Thursday, Oct. 19th.

Example

Bullet

Example

Bullet

(209) P.O. No.

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

Signed

Address

If one coupon is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No. 209, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.
Write "COMPETITION" in top left-hand corner of envelope.

No. Closing Date, Thursday, Oct. 19th.

Example

Bullet

Example

Bullet

(209) P.O. No.

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below

Signed

Address

If two coupons are used P.O. for 1s. must be sent

No. Closing Date, Thursday, Oct. 19th.

Example

Bullet

Example

Bullet

(209) P.O. No.

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

Signed

Address

If three coupons are used P.O. for 1s. 6d. must be sent.

SPECIAL RULE FOR MILITARY AND OTHER COMPETITORS.

In order to afford our Military and Naval Competitors and others living in remote districts ample time to compete we are allowing them special facilities. Below will be found twenty examples for **Next Week's** "Bullets" Competition **No. 210. These can be used on the coupons above, and must reach these offices on or before THURSDAY, OCTOBER 26th.** Please note that all coupons so used **MUST** be clearly marked with the number **210** on the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons **MUST** be addressed "Bullets" **No. 210.** "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. Such coupons **MUST NOT** contain any of the Thirty Examples for the present week's competition.

Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 210.

WHEN TANKS APPEAR	REMAINS TO BE SEEN	WHEN CAT'S AWAY	MY FANCY
GOING STRONG	FETCHING MAID	PLAYING THE FOOL	MOST EXCITING WHEN
MINDING THE BABY	WHAT GERMANY WANTS	RAILWAY RUN	BEFORE THE WAR
MAKES FATHER TIRED	THE LAST DROP	THINKING IT OVER	MANAGING WIFE
WHEN LONDON SLEEPS	TAKING FRIGHT	COMBING THEM OUT	THE KAISER'S DISAPPOINTMENT

This Week's List of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 209.

APPROACHING VICTORY
GERMAN FEARS
FALLING HOPES
WHEN HEAD GOES ROUND
IN IRELAND
NOT IN KHAKI
AWAY FROM HOME
HANDS UP
SERVING HIS PURPOSE
DOING PLENTY
SAUSAGE MEAT
GETTING TO WORK
WHAT ARMY WANTS
OUR LOCAL TRIBUNAL
LOOKING PLEASED
A GOOD WIFE
JUST IN TIME
FATHER'S APPEAL
MAKING HIS FORTUNE
OUR PREMIER
MOST UNLUCKY WHEN
CATCHING THE SLACKER
TRYING TO BE GOOD
FAST AND FURIOUS
THE HEIGHT OF FASHION
EVERY LITTLE HELPS
LYING STILL
TOMMY'S BEST GIRL
THE VILLAGE PUB
DEPRESSES THE KAISER

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the thirty examples given above. Then give **TWO, THREE** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with **ANY** letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letter in the alphabet.

These examples will guide you:—

Example:—
TRYING TO BE GOOD.
Bullet:—
TOMMY WHEN PROMISED LEAVE.

Example:—
LOOKING PLEASED.
Bullet:—
MOTHER ON SATURDAY.

Example:—
MAKING HIS FORTUNE.
Bullet:—
SHIPOWNER RAPID...

Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent.

Result of this Competition will be found in our issue dated November 4th.

This week's "Bullets" Coupon will also be found in EVERYWOMAN'S, dated October 14th.

BULLETS RULES

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness, and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed ___ and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor undertakes that every "Bullet" received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

RESULT OF 207TH BULLETS COMPETITION

FIRST PRIZE OF £250 :—

MRS. LOW,
Montgomery Place, John Street, Larkhall, Scotland.

Example :—HARD TO SWALLOW.
Bullet :—KAISER'S ONLY REMAINING "COURSE."
(Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)

SECOND PRIZE OF £25 :—

Mr. ALBERT NEAL,
1, Burr Villas, Bexley Heath, Kent.

Example :—FATHER'S OVERTIME.
Bullet :—MAKES HIM "JOLLY" LATE.

THIRD PRIZE OF £10 :—

Mr. C. BACH,
40, Cricklade Road, Bristol.

Example :—WELL DONE.
Bullet :—IF DRILL-SERGEANT SAID SO.

10 HOLIDAY PRIZES OF £5 EACH :—

Mr. F. W. FINCH, 5, Springfield Rd., S. Tottenham, N.: CONTINUOUS PERFORMANCE—THE KAISER'S ENGINE-DRIVER'S LATELY.

Mr. F. H. HAILL, 13, Raby Street, Moss Side, Manchester: FATHER'S OVERTIME—ALWAYS SHARED "OUT." (Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)

Mr. W. BENNEY, 80, Shadwell Road, Portsmouth: BRITISH PUSH—FITTING START—STARTING FIT.

Mr. C. BOTTELEY, "Sunnybank," Stafford: AFTER THE HOLIDAYS—WIFE SUPPLIES THE "BREEZES."

Lce.-Cpl. C. CHAPMAN, R.E., B.E.F.: AFTER THE HOLIDAYS — "AUNTIE" BECOMES "MOTHER" AGAIN.

Mrs. E. THOMAS, 7, Bamford Road, Wolverhampton: CONFOUNDING THE KAISER—AFTER ALL HE'S "DONE."

Miss STRACHAN, 66, West King Street, Helensburgh: CONTINUOUS PERFORMANCE—"HANDS" ON THE "WATCH."

Mr. P. AUSTIN, 17, Burlington Road, Colchester, Essex: COMPELLED TO MOVE — CONSTANTINE — AGAINST "WILL" SOON.

Mr. H. A. CASTLEMAN, 12, Alabama St., Plumstead Com.: COUNT ZEPPELIN—HIS "EXCURSIONS" AREN'T "TREATS."

Mrs. E. MARRIOTT, Brockhill's Fm., Long Clauson, Leics.: CONFOUNDING THE KAISER—WITH ANYBODY ELSE—INCONCEIVABLE.

10 Week-end Prizes of £2 10s. each :—

EMMA PELLEN, Lawrenny, Clacton-on-Sea: FATHER'S OVERTIME—SELDOM STOPS AT "ONE."

Mr. C. A. HALL, 3, Manley Terrace, Liskeard, Cornwall: CONFOUNDING THE KAISER—HOW TO "ADMIT" THINGS.

Mrs. W. KIRBY, 70, Lady Margaret Rd., Tufnell Pk., N.W.: ANOTHER STORY—TOMMY "LOOKING AFTER" NURSE.

Mrs. W. SCOTT, 347, Ightenhill Terrace, Burnley, Lancs: CONTINUOUS PERFORMANCE—CLEANSING STAGE—NEGLECTING CHURCH.

Inspr. W. HALE, 22, Felix Rd., Stapleton Rd., Bristol: FIGHT TO FINISH—WHAT HAIG'S "DRIVING" AT.

Mrs. F. J. LAWRENCE, 100, Market St., Earlestown, Lancs: ON A SOFT THING—GREECE HOPES TO FALL.

Mr. W. E. HEATH, 13, Haslemere Rd., Southsea, Hants :— COUNT ZEPPELIN—CONCLUDES "YOURS IN HASTE."

Clr.-Sgt. PENFOLD, W. Yks. Rgt., 51, Lytton Rd., Leicester: SHOWING HER HAND—NOT SLAVEY AT SEASIDE.

Mr. H. RUSHTON, 81, Trinity Street, Oswaldtwistle: THE DEVIL TO PAY—WHEN IRISHMEN "CLUB" TOGETHER.

Mr. J. DOUGLAS, 172, Stanley Street, Glasgow, SS.: WAKING THE MISSUS — TO ECONOMY — ARMY ALLOWANCE.

No. _____ Closing Date, Thursday, Oct. 19th.

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(209) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on the opposite page.

Signed _____

Address _____

If four coupons are used P.O. for 2s. must be sent

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

Every copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and PUBLISHED IN THE FOLLOWING ISSUE.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL *of specified date*, bearing on the cover any of such numbers, we will, upon production within seven days of publication (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid we require a full report of all the work done

The following have sent in correct claims :—

ARTHUR STEVENS, c/o Cadena Bakery, Commercial Road, Bournemouth. 9th September. 383423.

HENRY WHITE, 11, Turnpike Lane, Hornsey, N. 16th September. A126513.

ARTHUR NICHOLS, Officer's Cook I., H.M.S. *Neptune*, c/o G.P.O. 9th September. 166934.

T. W. MORTIMER, 38, Edgemont Street, Langside, Glasgow. 9th September. 352484.

CHARLES PEARMAN, 8, Teviot Street, Poplar. 30th September. A207742.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of October 7th :—

000,513	324,283	605,061	935,719	A222,362
048,629	359,741	637,538	942,163	A263,435
073,102	380,698	672,625	957,348	A288,943
114,438	395,420	699,308	980,651	A327,521
153,571	429,871	728,577	A026,734	A344,802
189,290	470,362	753,479	A077,586	A363,675
197,364	513,245	791,026	A099,032	A387,028
228,526	558,465	837,632	A135,766	A439,354
256,918	574,129	864,410	A162,420	A456,176
273,050	591,510	885,679	A187,539	A472,268

The A prefixed indicates that it is plus a million. The Fifty numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue (published Oct. 19th).

£10 REWARD.

WANTED, the Copies of JOHN BULL for October 7th, 1916, bearing on the Covers the Numbers 787,424 and A468,322. Any person possessing either of these copies will be paid £5 upon applying to THE MANAGER, "JOHN BULL," 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

COMPLETE LIST OF ALL CASH AND OTHER PRIZE-WINNERS CAN BE SEEN AT THE OFFICES OF "JOHN BULL."

"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT FREE WAR INSURANCE

We are giving, *absolutely free of charge, an insurance* against ZEPPELIN OR OTHER AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, RAID, RIOT, CIVIL COMMOTION, CIVIL WAR, REVOLUTION, REBELLION, BLOCKADE—indeed, every war risk to Life, Limb and Home. Anyone can be insured, *irrespective of sex or age*, but a separate coupon must be filled in for each person. Remember, the Ordinary fire and accident Policies afford no protection whatever against war risks.

Our scheme is simple and comprehensive, and does not bother about any "legal representative" or "next-of-kin." We shall pay the amount to the insured, who must personally sign the coupon, or to the person nominated thereon, and to no one else. Be sure to fill in a coupon for every member of your family. *The Newsagent's Order Form will keep you permanently insured during such period as this Insurance Scheme and your order to the Newsagent remain in force.* Readers may, however, obtain all the advantages by sending in every week the Registration Coupon—with clause (*a*) struck out, which will be available for seven days after its receipt by us.

WHAT WE WILL PAY

In respect of any person (*man, woman or child*) who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named, we will, subject to the fulfilment of the few simple conditions set out below, pay the sum of	£200
Should he, or she, in the course of any of these happenings, become permanently totally disabled ...	£100
Should his, or her, home become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding	£350
Loss of one quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to	£25
Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal, but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to	£10

Claims must be received by us within forty-eight hours of the injury, and must be supported by such evidence as may be required by the Editor, whose decision shall be final upon all questions. Not more than one claim, which must be confined to one of the benefits, can be entertained in respect of any one person or home, the address of which must be registered.

We reserve to ourselves the right to limit our total payments to £10,000, and to pay not more than £5,000 in respect of claims from any one raid. Payment will be made subject to the rights which the claimant may have or acquire against any other newspaper or insurance body, we paying a proportionate amount of the total admitted claim.

Our Insurance Scheme applies exclusively to British-born subjects, and those of friendly Powers in the British Isles—*and not to Germans, Hungarians, Austrians, Turks, or Bulgarians, even though "naturalised," nor to members of His Majesty's Forces on Active Service, although the home of the later, situate outside military or naval premises, may be insured.*

TO AVOID FILLING UP REGISTRATION FORM WEEKLY

You may, if you are a *regular* and *continuous* reader of JOHN BULL—or decide to become one—sign this coupon and hand it to your newsagent, and you will be insured for all the benefits of the Scheme as published in each issue, so long as this order and the scheme remain in force.

TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To ..... *Newsagent.*

.....

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed .....

Oct. 14th, 1916 .....

NOTE.—Each member of a family desiring to be insured *must* fill up a separate form.

If you make use of this Newsagent's Form you *must* fill in clause (*c*) of the Registration Form which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C., where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

A halfpenny stamp should be forwarded if an acknowledgment of receipt of Coupon is desired.

REGISTRATION FORM

Which must be posted to—
The INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, W.C.

This is to notify that I have this day (*Strike out one of these.*) Oct. 14th, 1916

(*a*) Placed an order for the *regular* weekly supply of JOHN BULL with .....

Newsagent of .....

.....

and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme

—OR—

(*b*) Purchased a copy of JOHN BULL, dated as under, and desire to be insured against war risks for one week from the date of receipt by you of this form.

And in the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death :—

Name of Nominee .....

Address .....

Signature of Insured .....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address of home .....

.....

THOUSANDS OF POUNDS
WASTED DAILY!
Save Your Waste Paper

ESTABLISH A DEPOT.

PHILLIPS, MILLS & CO. appeal to every War Worker, Lady, Gentleman, Clergyman, Schoolmaster, Schoolmistress, Scoutmaster, Public Body, Banker, School Pupil, &c., to assist in their great Waste Paper Saving Scheme, viz., to establish a depot in every town and village throughout the United Kingdom (several in large centres) and each London suburb, for the storage of Waste Paper of every description, old newspapers, disused ledgers, magazines, &c., until a quantity of **not less than two tons is stored.**

All waste is destroyed and repulped for further use.

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Phillips, Mills & Co. will give all particulars as to the packing, prices, etc. by writing them, marking your envelope "Depot."

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"Hi! guv'nor. What'll yer give us for two 'Daily Mail's' and a couple of 'Bell's Lifes'?"

"WAREHOUSE WASTE!"

ALL Warehousemen, Drapers, Shopkeepers, Corporations, District Councils, Wholesale Stationers, Envelope Makers, Playing Card Makers, Bankers, and all Business Establishments are earnestly requested not to destroy their Waste Paper of any sort that every big office or store is bound to accumulate. "Assist your Country by turning it into Money."

Save your Wastepaper, Cardboards, Brown Paper, and all Scrap Waste.

Consignments must not be less than two tons.

Phillips, Mills & Co. will be pleased to give all particulars as to the Packing, Prices, &c., if you will kindly write to them, marking your envelope "Warehouse Waste."

AN URGENT APPEAL IS MADE TO EVERYONE IN GREAT BRITAIN.

HELP YOUR COUNTRY in three ways.

1. SAVE ALL YOUR WASTE PAPER. THE PAPER SHORTAGE IS SERIOUS, AND GETTING MORE ACUTE EVERY DAY.
2. YOU CAN HELP ANY WAR FUND OR CHARITY WITH THE MONEY YOUR WASTE PAPER WILL REALISE.
3. AS THE IMPORTATION OF SWEDISH PULP IS CONSIDERABLY REDUCED, THE REPULPING OF YOUR OWN PAPER SAVED IN THIS COUNTRY WILL PREVENT WASTE AND REDUCE THE PRESENT HEAVY PRICES OF PAPER.

Vans collect daily within 12 miles of London for smaller quantities than two tons, which must be packed tightly in Sacks.

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PHILLIPS, MILLS & CO. appeal to everyone in the United Kingdom, as their paper-saving scheme is very simple and all can help. A house-to-house collection can be organised, and the paper thus obtained stored in bulk either in an empty barn, stable, cellar, or any other convenient and central place, also in the kitchen of each house a sack can be hung (which will be supplied by P. M. & Co.) to enable and encourage the maids to save the mixed paper, thus teaching countless householders the value of their waste paper, being the means of giving employment to hundreds of girls, and keeping the money in the country. Old newspapers should be tied into bundles (weighing about 56 lbs. each) with strong cord. The best prices will be paid per return. Price Lists and further particulars will be sent post free, together with references to workers who have already been paid large sums by this organisation.

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Available for Red Cross Fund or any other Charity if every reader will only collect their waste paper and ask others to do the same.

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PHILLIPS, MILLS & Co., Ltd.,

WASTE PAPER MERCHANTS,

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Printed and Published by ODHAMS LIMITED, 93 and 94, Long Acre, London, W.C.; Agents for the Colonies, Gordon and Gotch, Ltd., London, Australia, Canada, etc.; South Africa, Central News Agency, Ltd.; also Imperial News Co., Ltd.; Toronto News Co., Ltd., and Montreal News Co., Ltd., Canada. All Editorial Communications must be addressed to the Editor at 93, Long Acre, and applications for Advertisement Space in "John Bull" must be made to Messrs. ODHAMS LIMITED (Advertisement Department), 93-94, Long Acre, London, W.C. Telephone: Gerrard 2596.